

BAREFOOT GEN

BREAKING DOWN BORDERS

VOLUME NINE



Keiji
Nakazawa



Cartoonist Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old and living in Hiroshima in the early days of August 1945 when the city was destroyed by an atomic bomb dropped by the United States. Starting a few months before that event, his ten-volume saga *Barefoot Gen* shows life in Japan after years of war and privations, as seen through the eyes of seven-year-old Gen Nakaoka.

In Volume Nine, Gen continues to confront one setback after another — the loss of his home, the death of a friend — when a chance encounter gives new direction to his life. An impoverished but talented artist takes Gen under his wing and teaches him to paint. Inspired by the artist's assertion that "art has no borders," Gen vows to become an artist himself, and takes a job as apprentice to a local poster painter. Despite merciless bullying from his boss and the older apprentices, Gen perseveres in the pursuit of his new calling.

"...some of the best comics ever done. Nakazawa, I'm sure, will be considered one of the great comic artists of this century, because he tells the truth in a plain, straightforward way, filled with real human feelings."

-R. Crumb, cartoonist

"Gen effectively bears witness to one of the central horrors of our time. This vivid and harrowing story will burn a radioactive crater in your memory that will never let you forget it. Gen is one of those very few comic that actually pulls off the essential magic trick... those little marks on paper come to fully realized life."

-Art Spiegelman, cartoonist,
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for *Maus*

"Nakazawa's graphic presentation of what it was like to survive the atomic bombing of Hiroshima should be required reading for all citizens, beginning with the President. Perhaps then we might gain the maturity to stop such madness."

-Hunter & Amory Lovins
Friends of the Earth

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*Part 9 of a
ten-part series

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NAKAZAWA

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VOLUME NINE



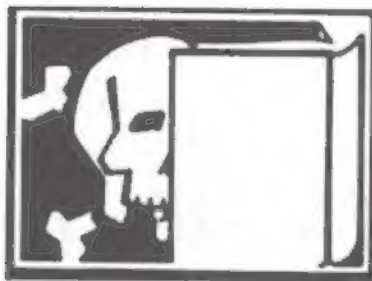
Keiji
Nakazawa

BAREFOOT GEN

**VOLUME NINE:
BREAKING DOWN BORDERS**

KEIJI NAKAZAWA

Translated by Project Gen



LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO

Some Thoughts About Keiji Nakazawa

Alan Gleason
Editor, Project Gen

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Edited by Alan Gleason and Colin Turner

Printed in China by Prolong Press Ltd.

With the publication of this volume and the tenth and final one of the *Barefoot Gen* series, Project Gen has finally completed a three-decade effort to bring Keiji Nakazawa's lifework to the English-speaking world.

I was fortunate to join the project early on, in 1977 — only a few months after its launch in Tokyo by a group of young Japanese and American volunteers (see "About Project Gen" at the back of this book for details). When I first met the group — quite by accident, while visiting friends who lived in the same house as the project office — they were quick to let me know what an inspiration Mr. Nakazawa's story was to them. When I eventually got around to reading *Gen* myself, it changed my life.

I also learned that the volunteers were in frequent contact with the author, who had given his unreserved blessing to this motley crew of amateur translators, artists and letterers who were attempting to convert his work into a foreign tongue. This was in the days before personal computers and Photoshop; back then, manga translation was a labor-intensive process of endless cutting, pasting, redrawing and relettering by hand. Moreover, we were making it up as we went along. Though we didn't know it at the time, *Gen* was the first full-length manga translated and published in English.

I soon had an opportunity to meet the author when he invited us to his apartment on the east side of Tokyo for a New Year's party. The family — Mr. and Mrs. Nakazawa and their daughter Keiko — were charming, generous and utterly unpretentious hosts. Years later, when I formally interviewed Mr. Nakazawa for an American magazine, it was only when he began recounting his memories as a six-year-old survivor of the atomic bomb that I saw in the man himself the passion and anger that pour off the pages of *Barefoot Gen*.

At some point the Nakazawas decided that Keiko needed an English tutor and asked me to come over to teach her and some classmates a few times a month. I was happy to oblige, not least because Mrs. Nakazawa always fed me a heaping plate of Hiroshima-style *okonomiyaki*, a savory pancake filled with meat and vegetables. It was gratifying to get to know the Nakazawas on this personal level, rather than through the distorting lens of hero worship. One of the things I came to admire most about Mr. Nakazawa was the fact that, even as he remained committed to telling the world about the atomic holocaust — not only through his stories, but in lectures to schoolchildren around the country — he was actually a gentle, modest person who was perfectly happy conversing about everyday life.

At the same time, the obvious pride he took in the *Gen* saga, which he frequently referred to as his lifework, was a major force behind Project Gen's determination to complete the English translation of all ten volumes while the author could still enjoy it. Mr. Nakazawa turns seventy this year, and though his eyesight is failing and he can no longer draw manga, he continues to actively follow and encourage the activities of the project. Mr. and Mrs. Nakazawa will be with us when we celebrate the completion of the English edition this summer in Hiroshima, where they still spend much of the year.

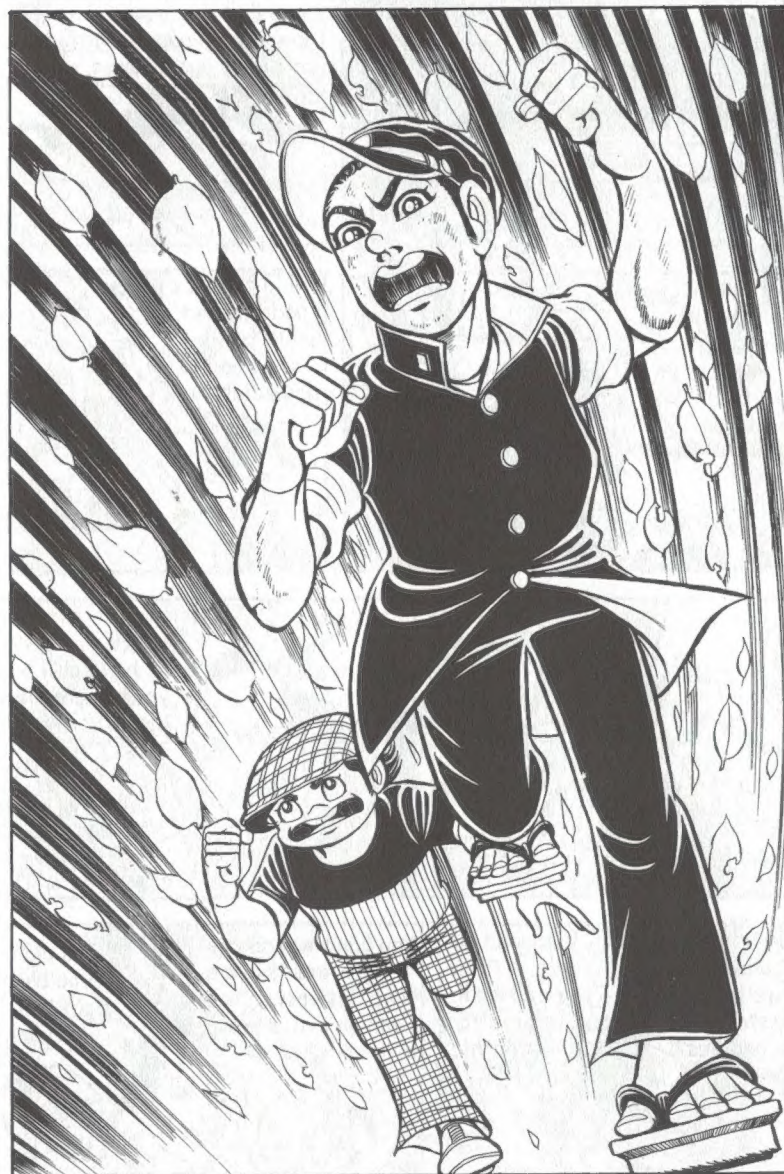
Keiji Nakazawa's courage in telling the story of the atomic bomb's victims in a straightforward, no-punches-pulled manner — as well as in fearlessly confronting the forces of militarism and jingoism on both sides of the Pacific that led to this holocaust — has been a constant source of inspiration to everyone involved in Project Gen. His story has had a profound impact on all of our lives. We hope it will similarly inspire future generations of readers around the globe with its message of hope in the face of tragedy, and of the courage required to pursue peace in a world that is forever threatened by the forces of war.

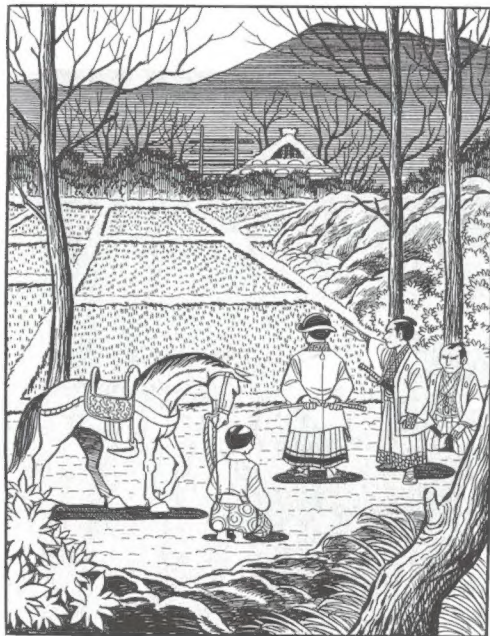
June 2009
Tokyo, Japan

(Alan Gleason has been involved with Project Gen since 1977 and has worked on all ten volumes of *Barefoot Gen* in various capacities as a translator, proofreader and coordinating editor. He lives in Tokyo.)

BAREFOOT GEN

BREAKING DOWN BORDERS





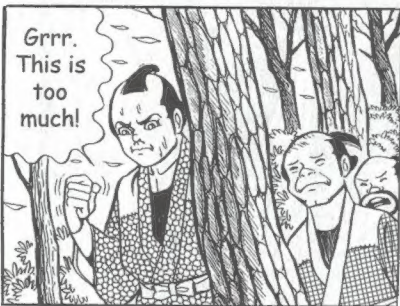
Hm. We need to build a road where these rice paddies are, so we can mobilize troops fast if an enemy approaches.

Yessir.

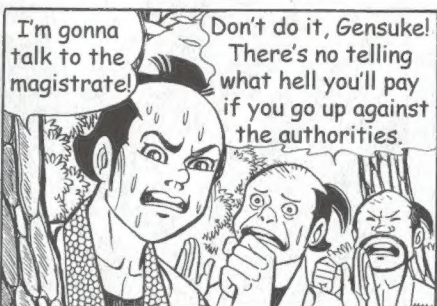


Fill in the rice paddies and start building the road immediately.

Yes, Your Excellency.

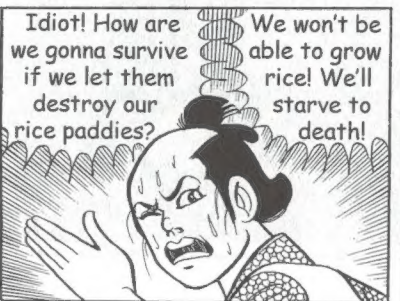


Grrr. This is too much!



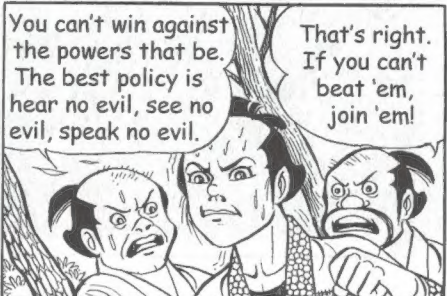
I'm gonna talk to the magistrate!

Don't do it, Gensuke! There's no telling what hell you'll pay if you go up against the authorities.



Idiot! How are we gonna survive if we let them destroy our rice paddies?

We won't be able to grow rice! We'll starve to death!



You can't win against the powers that be. The best policy is hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil.

That's right. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!



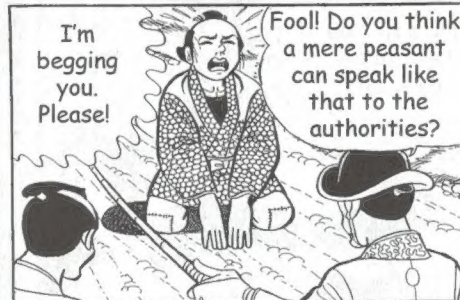
No way! I'm not just gonna starve to death in silence!

Don't do it, Gensuke!



Mr. Magistrate, please! Please don't destroy these rice paddies!

Get back, peasant!



I'm begging you. Please!

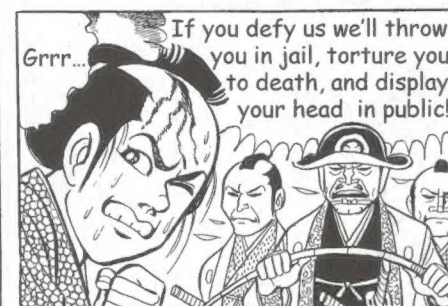
Fool! Do you think a mere peasant can speak like that to the authorities?



You impudent serf!

WHACK

Unh!



Grrr...

If you defy us we'll throw you in jail, torture you to death, and display your head in public!

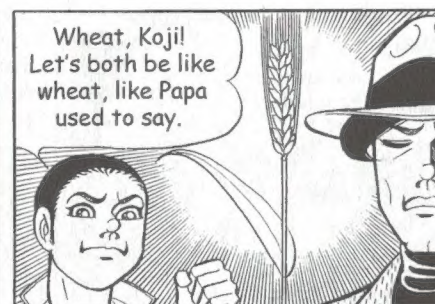
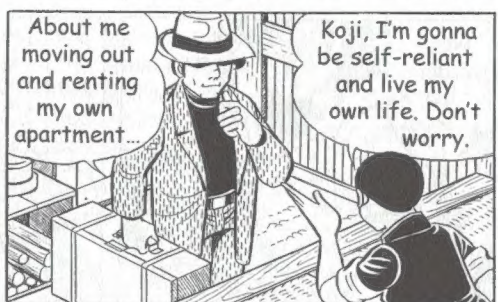
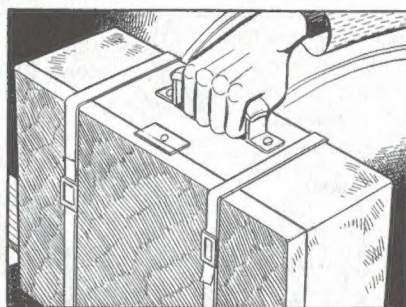


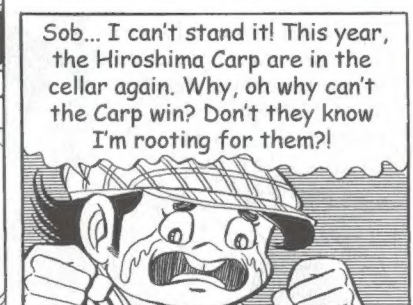
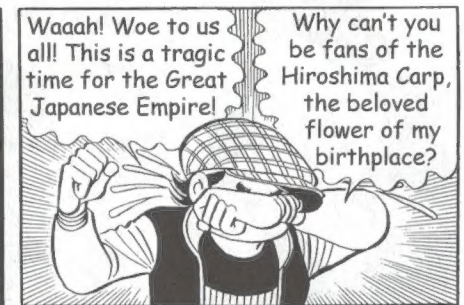
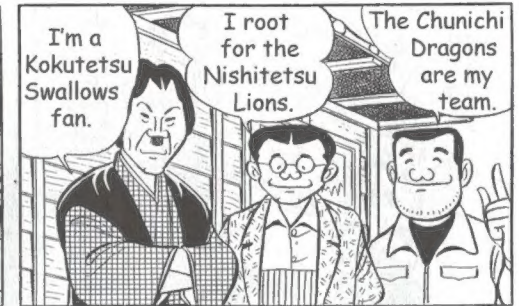
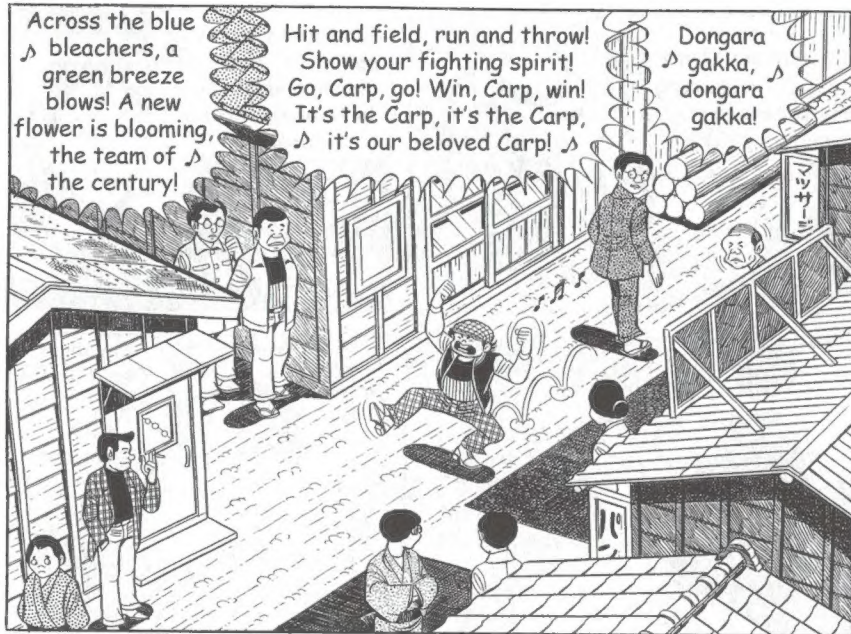
Now get out of here!

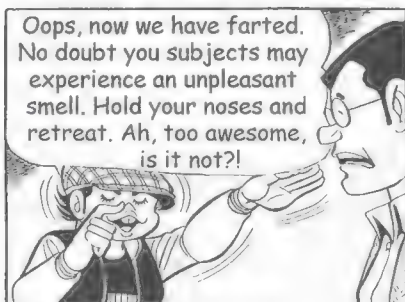
D-damn you!

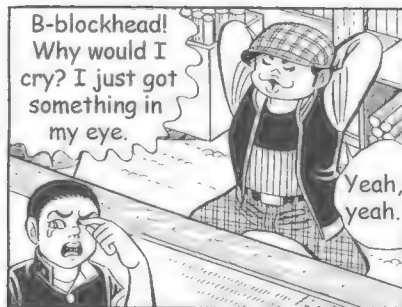


Damn...









B-blockhead!
Why would I
cry? I just got
something in
my eye.

Yeah,
yeah.

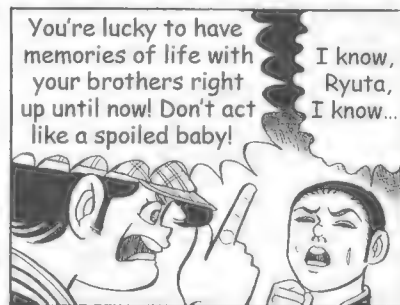


Ryuta... I thought I was ready
for this, but being left all by
myself is really lonely. It's a lot
harder than I expected to be
apart from my brothers...



Quit
sniveling,
Gen!

The rest of us have
been alone since the
day the bomb fell.
You have no idea how
lonely we've been
these five years!



You're lucky to have
memories of life with
your brothers right
up until now! Don't act
like a spoiled baby!

I know,
Ryuta,
I know...



From now on you're
with us. You're not
alone, okay? Now let's
go. Come on!

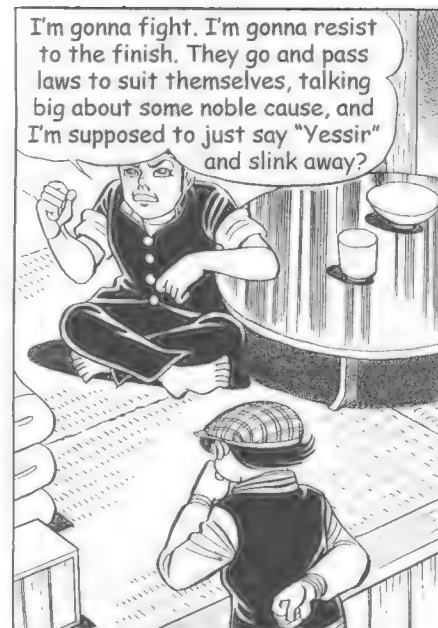


Ryuta, I'm
not going. I'm
staying here
in this house.

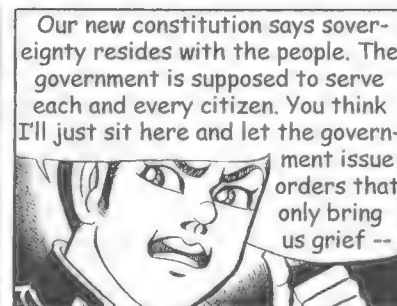
Wh-why?



You can say you're gonna
stay, but aren't those
jerks from City Hall
planning to tear down
the house tomorrow?



I'm gonna fight. I'm gonna resist
to the finish. They go and pass
laws to suit themselves, talking
big about some noble cause, and
I'm supposed to just say "Yessir"
and slink away?



Our new constitution says sov-
erignty resides with the people. The
government is supposed to serve
each and every citizen. You think
I'll just sit here and let the govern-
ment issue
orders that
only bring
us grief --



when we, the
citizens, have
nothing to say
about it?!

Sorry, you're
way over my
head!



You can't win
against the powers
that be... If you
can't beat 'em,
join 'em...

I'm gonna
smash that old,
feudalistic
kind of
thinking!



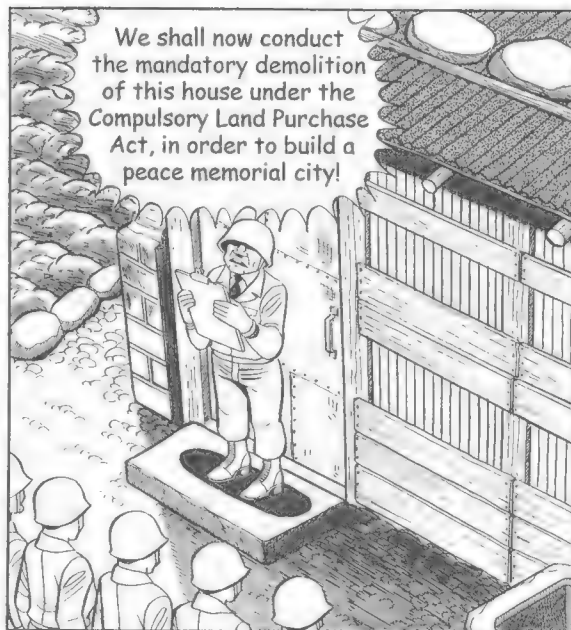
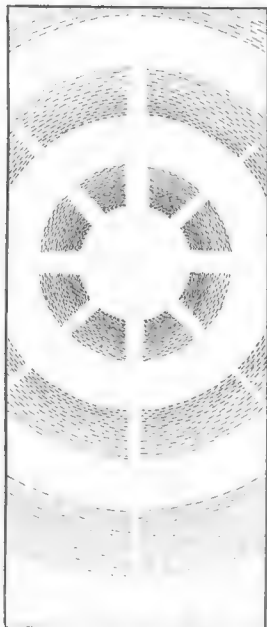
I'm not
just gonna
do as I'm
told!

Hear, hear!
Huzzah,
huzzah!



It all sounds
like fun. I'll
help you, Gen!

There's no way to measure the suffering
we've endured from the war and the bomb,
just because we followed those old feudal
ideas without a second thought... We
can't allow that anymore!



We shall now conduct the mandatory demolition of this house under the Compulsory Land Purchase Act, in order to build a peace memorial city!



Commence work!

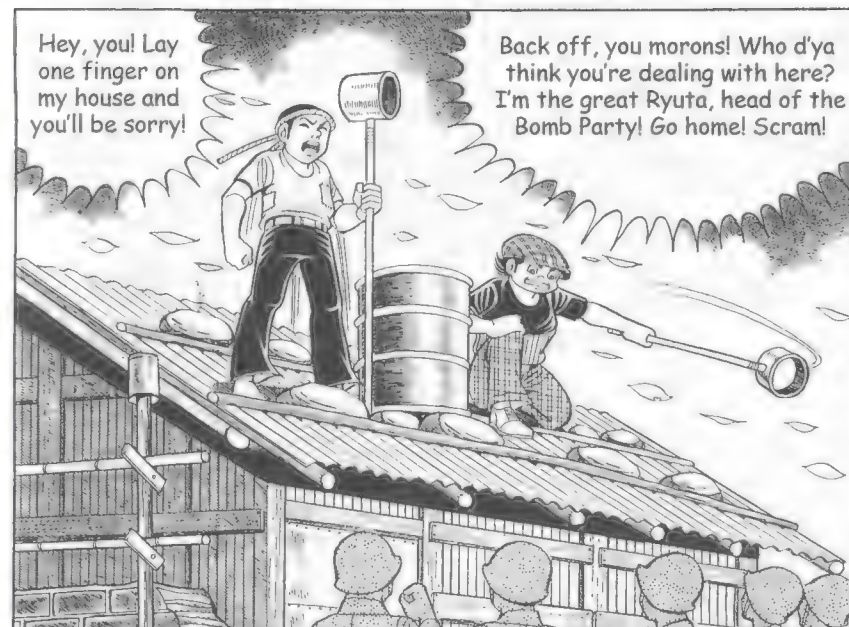


BACK OFF!!

Urkl!



Eh?!

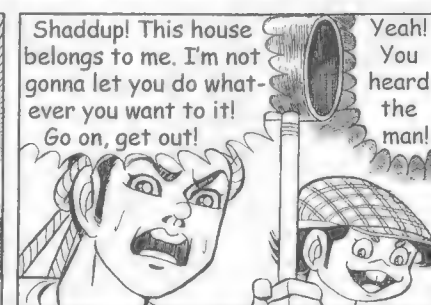


Hey, you! Lay one finger on my house and you'll be sorry!

Back off, you morons! Who d'ya think you're dealing with here? I'm the great Ryuta, head of the Bomb Party! Go home! Scram!

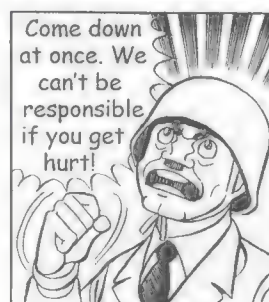


Come down off there, you brats! You'll get hurt!



Shaddup! This house belongs to me. I'm not gonna let you do whatever you want to it! Go on, get out!

Yeah! You heard the man!



Come down at once. We can't be responsible if you get hurt!

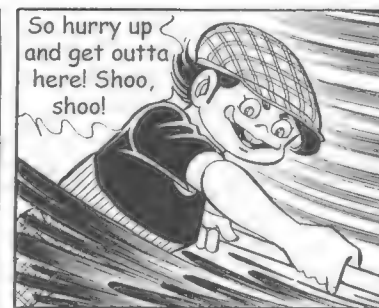
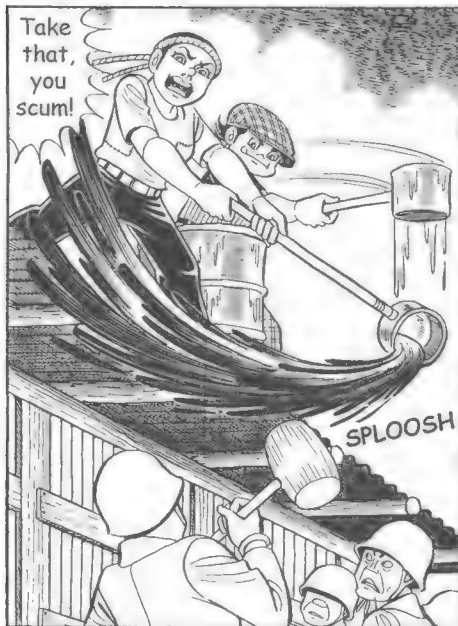


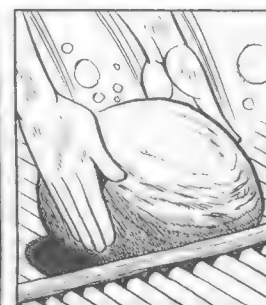
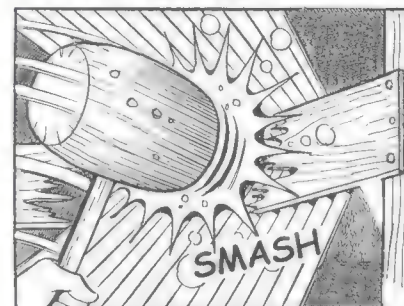
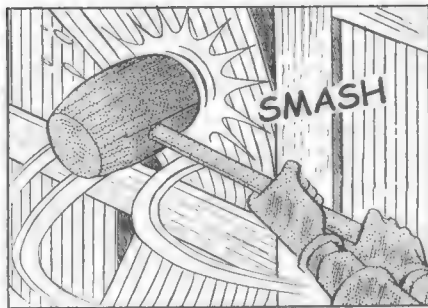
Go away!

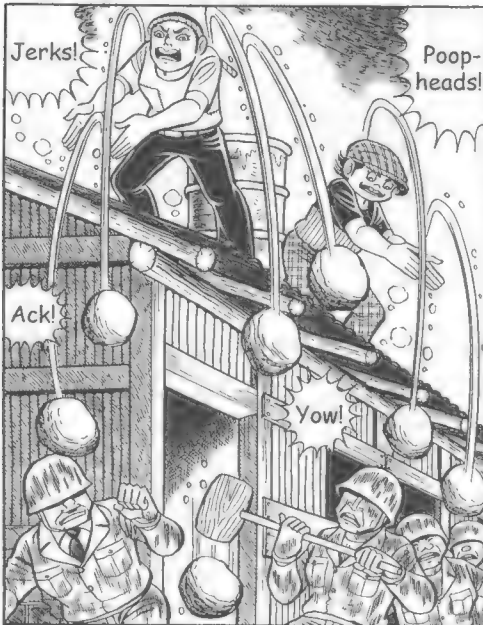
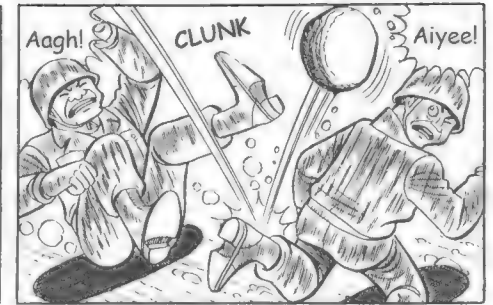
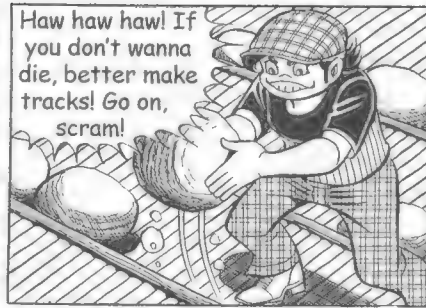
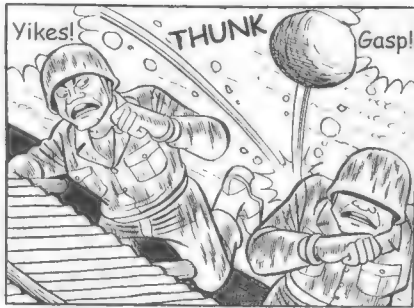
Yeah. Be good little boys and run on home!



Grrrr! These brats are going too far.









Whoa!

CLANG
CLANG

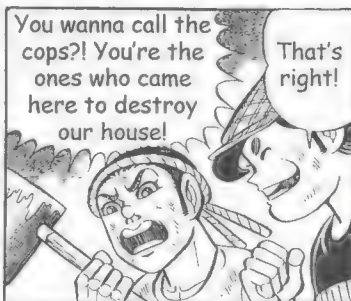
Oof!

CLATTER



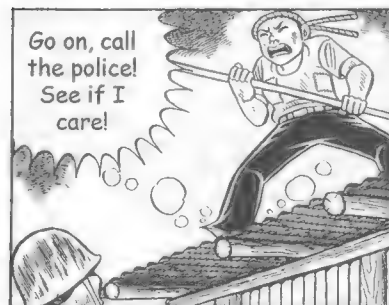
If you don't
stop, we'll
turn you
over to the
police!

Come down
like good
boys!
Now!

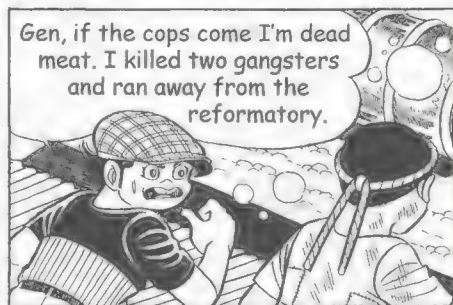


You wanna call the
cops?! You're the
ones who came
here to destroy
our house!

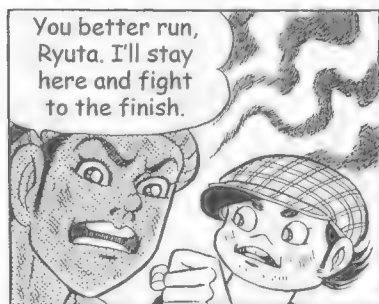
That's
right!



Go on, call
the police!
See if I
care!



Gen, if the cops come I'm dead
meat. I killed two gangsters
and ran away from the
reformatory.



You better run,
Ryuta. I'll stay
here and fight
to the finish.

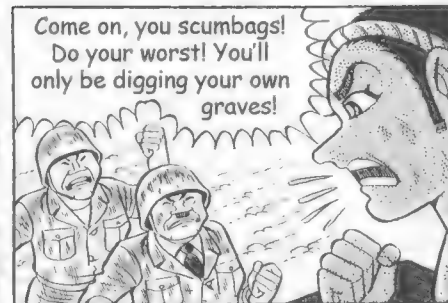


I'll let 'em arrest me. I'll go
to court and tell everyone
about their illegal schemes.

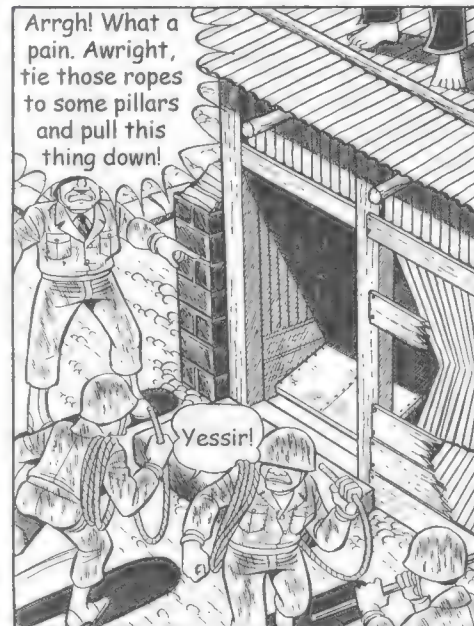


I'm not leaving you
in the lurch, Gen! I'll
stick with you even
if we both wind up
in hell!

Forget it.
Run, get
out of
here!



Come on, you scumbags!
Do your worst! You'll
only be digging your own
graves!



Arrgh! What a
pain. Awright,
tie those ropes
to some pillars
and pull this
thing down!

Yessir!



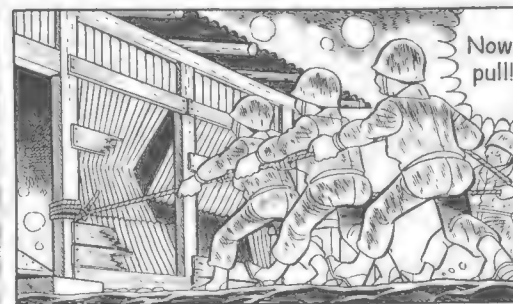
YANK



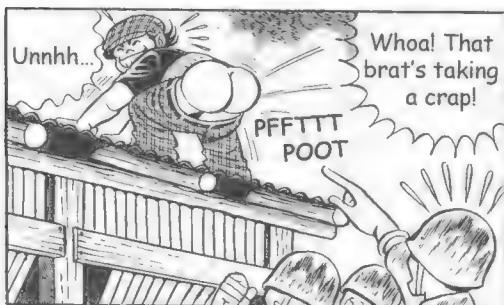
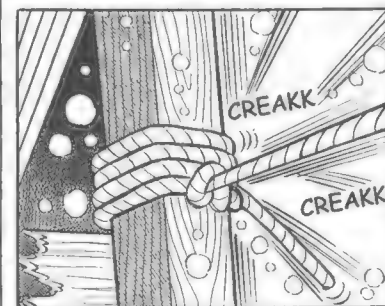
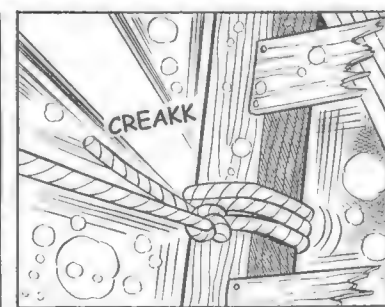
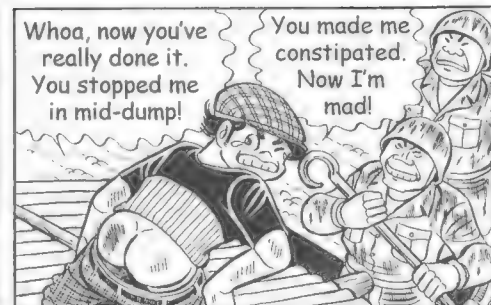
CINCH



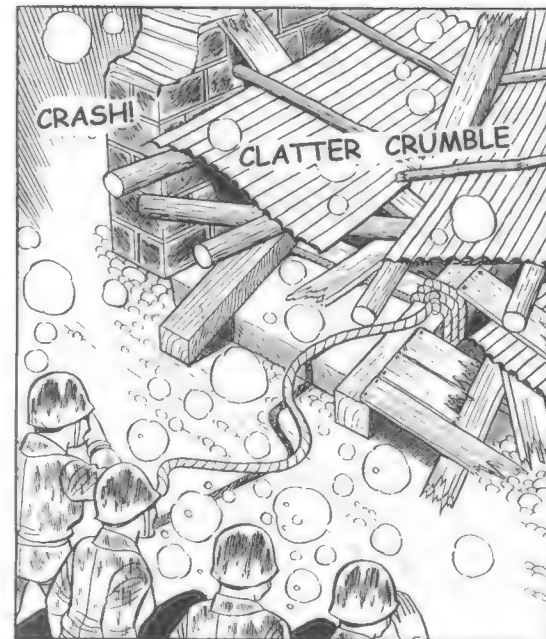
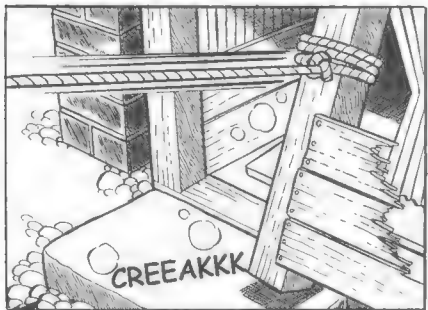
Hey,
you!
Stop!
Don't
do it!

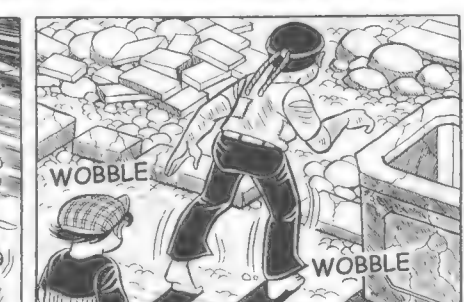
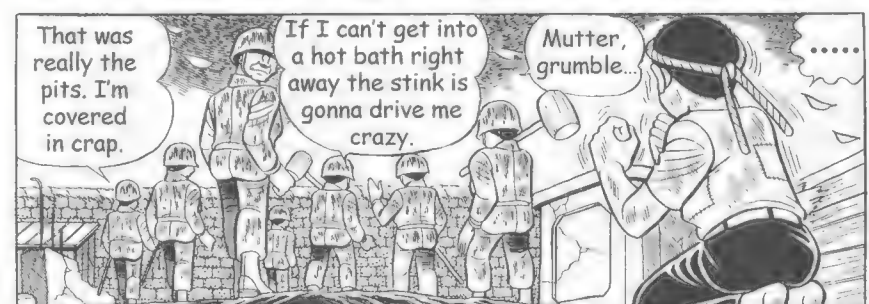
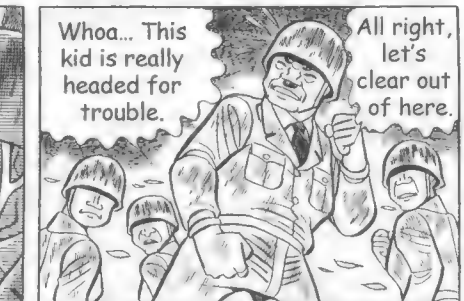
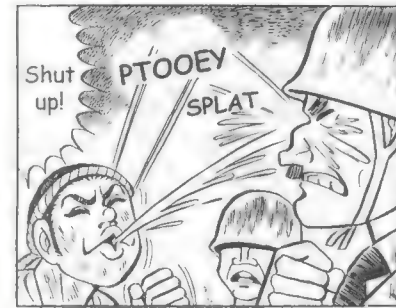
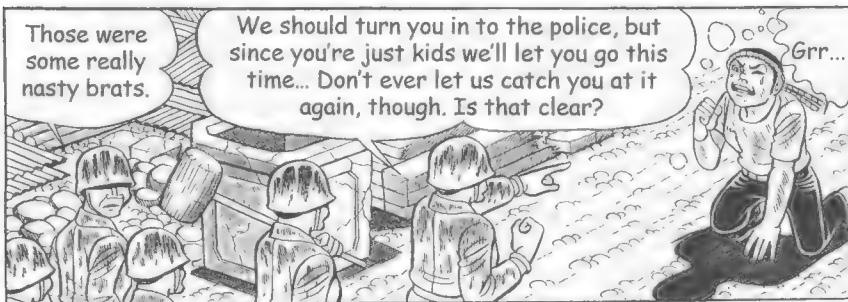
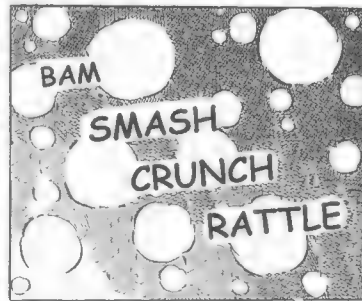


Now
pull!!







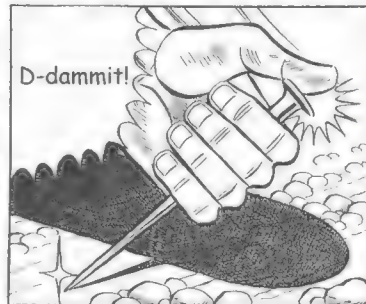




It's gone... My house is gone, just like that...



Sob...



D-dammit!



JAB



Gen! What the hell are you doing?!

Groan...



Damn!
Damn!
Damn!



Moan...
I'm never gonna forget this pain.

I'm never gonna forget this anger.
I'm gonna carve it into my hand...



If I start to forget what happened today,

I'll look at this scar and remember.



G-Gen...



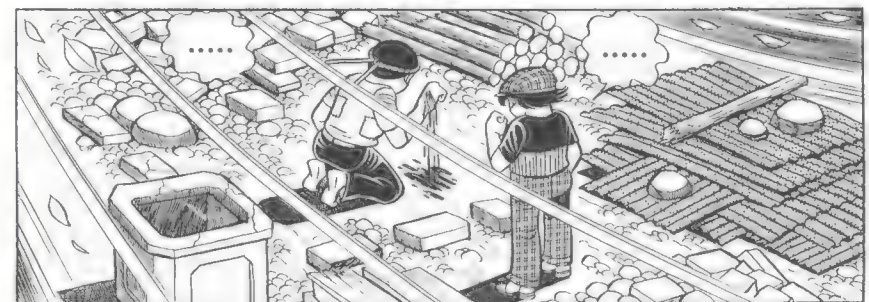
Sob... Till the day I die, I'm gonna remember to keep fighting against people who abuse their power...

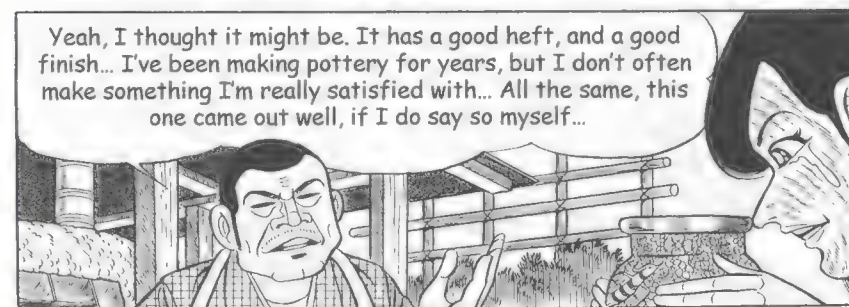
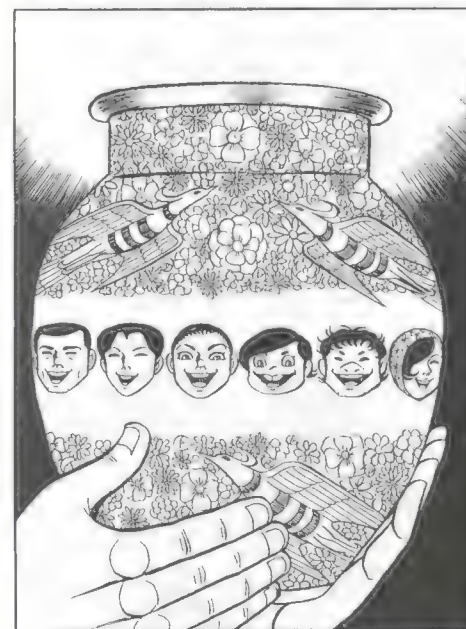
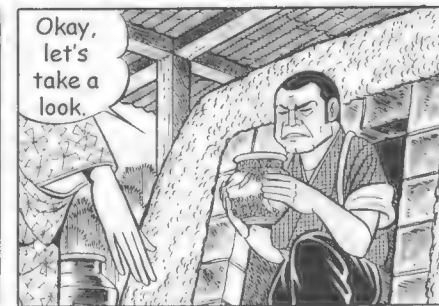
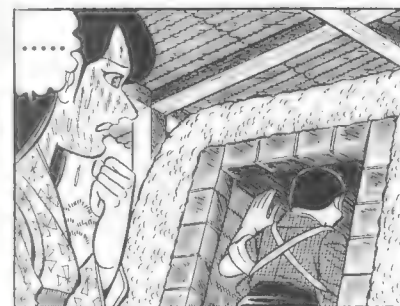
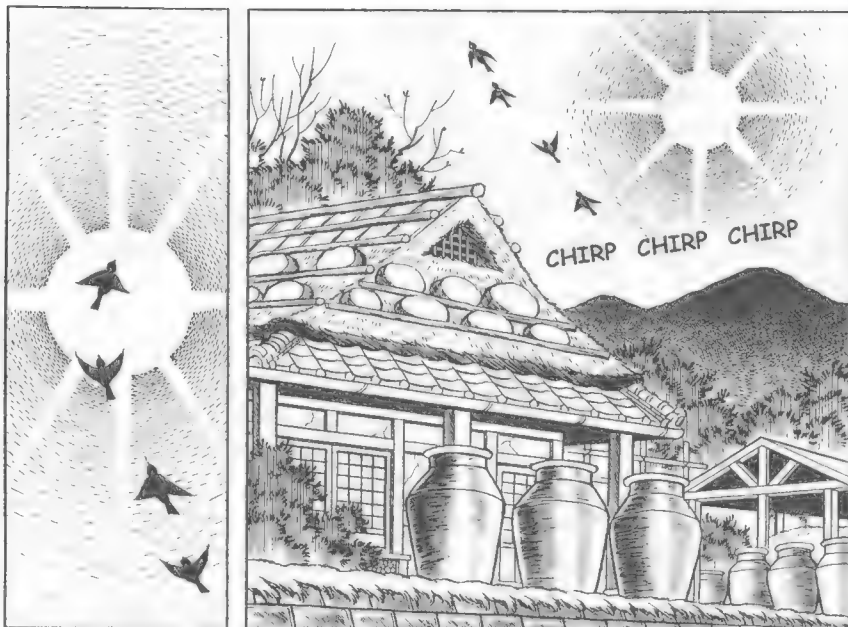


I'll never forgive them for this...
Never...



Damn!
Damn!
Damn!







Thank you, sir. Thank you so much!

Don't thank me. It was your own enthusiasm that made it.



You did a good job, Natsue.

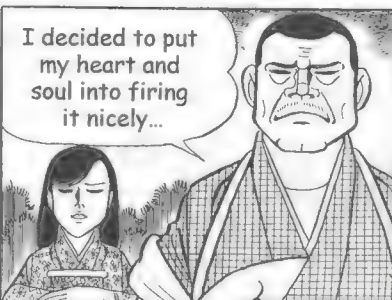
Not to brag, but if we entered this jar in an exhibition, it would win first prize.



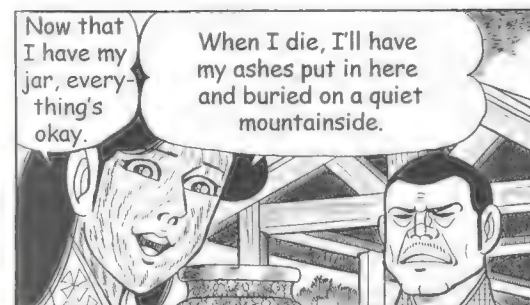
I really wanted to help make your wish come true...



It tore me up to watch you working on your jar as you fought against the pain in your body...



I decided to put my heart and soul into firing it nicely...



Now that I have my jar, everything's okay.

When I die, I'll have my ashes put in here and buried on a quiet mountainside.



That's no good, Natsue.

Wh-what?...



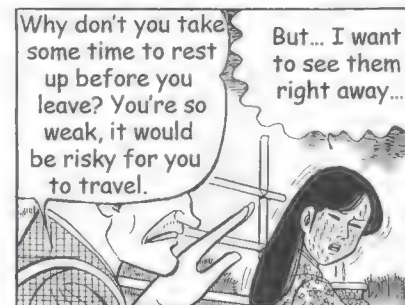
Like that boy Gen said -- you shouldn't be thinking about death all the time. Think about living, instead!



Do you hear me? Set your mind on surviving! Don't give up!

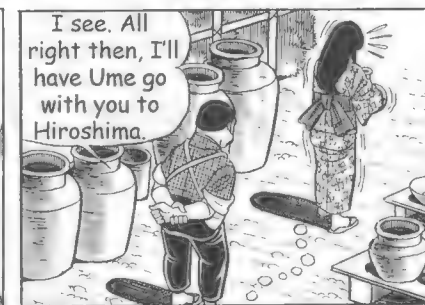


I'm going to go home to Gen and my other friends now, sir. I don't know how I can thank you for all your kindness.

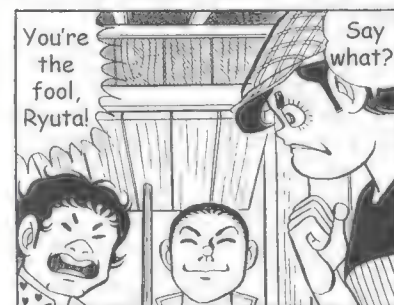
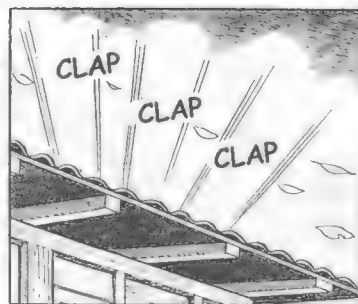
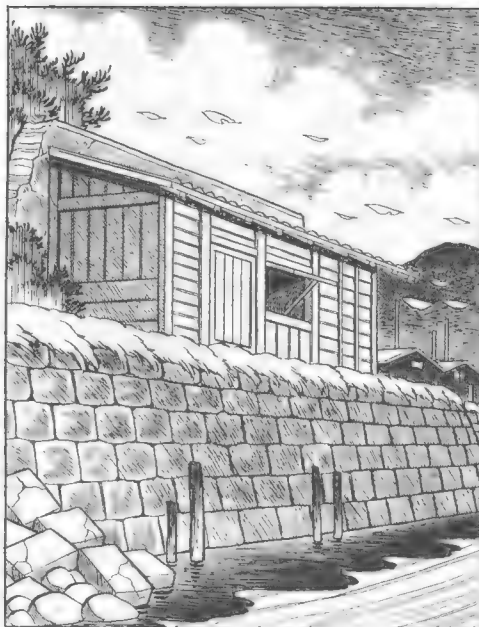


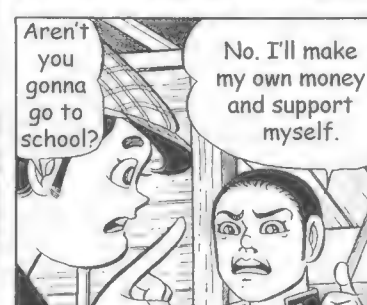
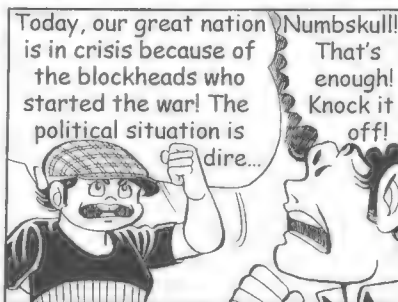
Why don't you take some time to rest up before you leave? You're so weak, it would be risky for you to travel.

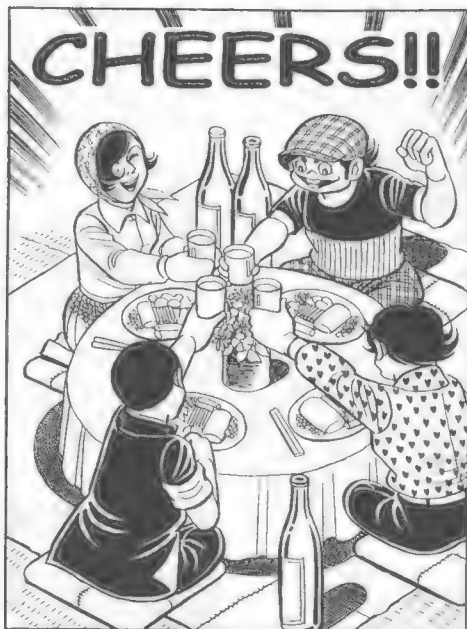
But... I want to see them right away...



I see. All right then, I'll have Ume go with you to Hiroshima.







CHEERS!!



Okay then,
let's eat,
drink and be
merry!

GLUG GLUG

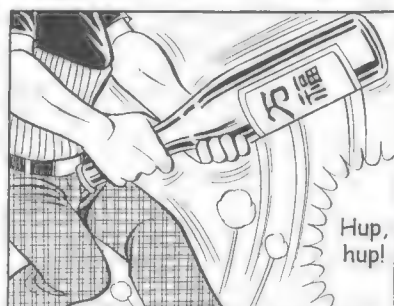


Who!

Hic!



All right
now, I'm
gonna dance
a little
dance and
liven things
up!



Hup,
hup!



Oh, everybody
wishes they
had my weenie!

Haw
haw!

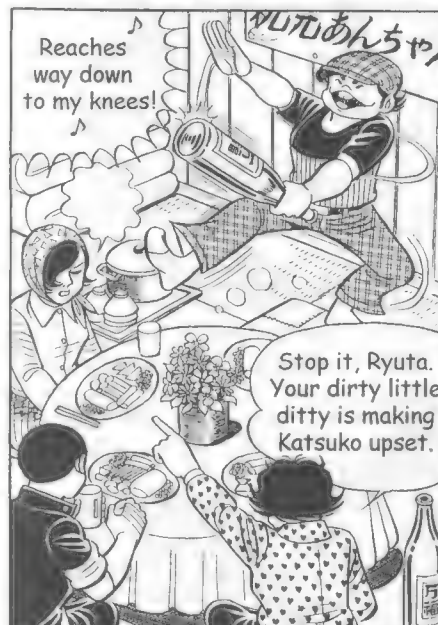
Ha
ha!



It's so big,
while theirs
are teeny!



Plump and
pretty as
you please!



Reaches
way down
to my knees!

Stop it, Ryuta.
Your dirty little
ditty is making
Katsuko upset.



What's to be
upset about?
A man's weenie
is a very
important part
of him!

It
deserves
our
praise!



.....

C'mon,
Katsuko, don't
be mad at
me. It's just
a song!



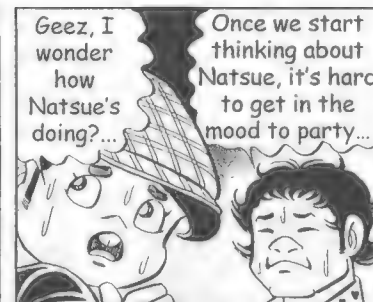
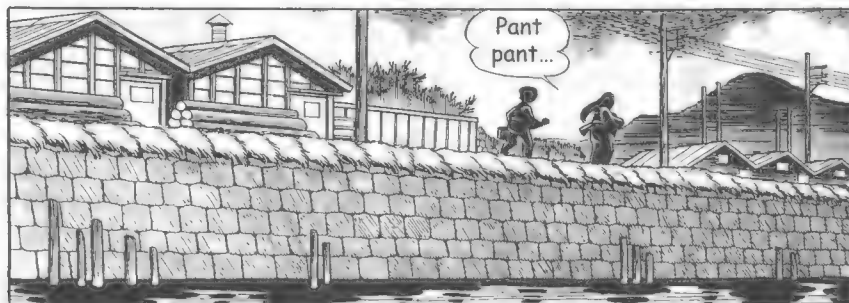
I'm not
upset that
you're
singing
dirty
songs...

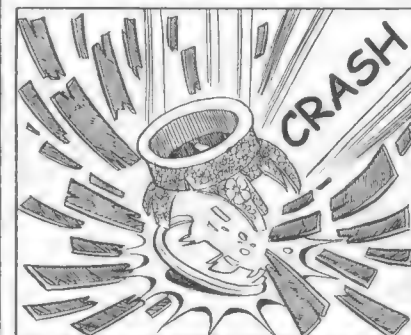
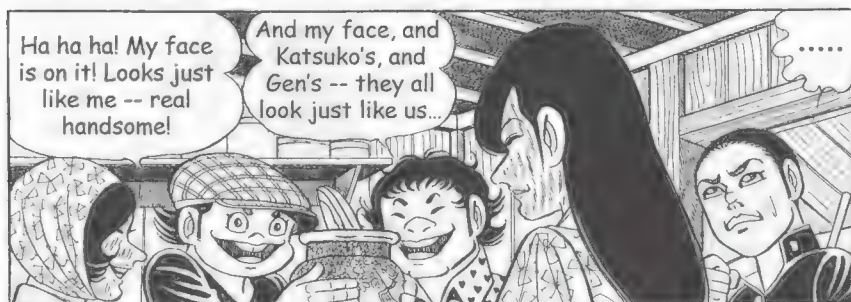
Then why
do you look
so down?



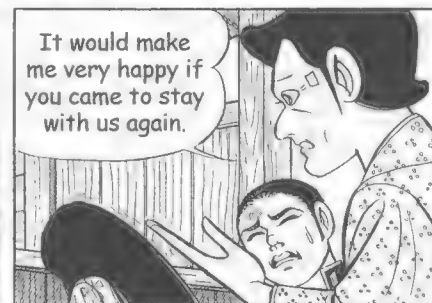
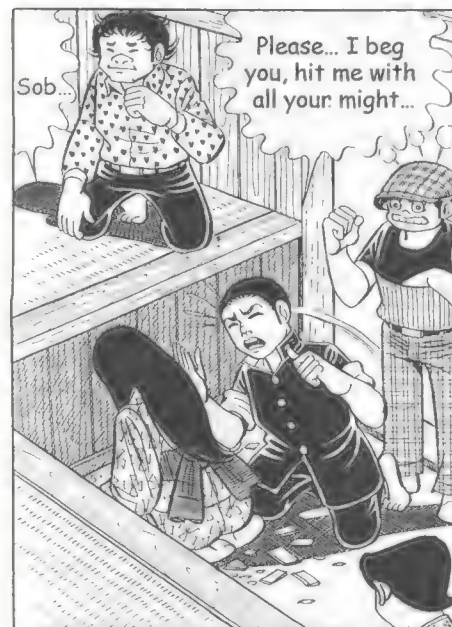
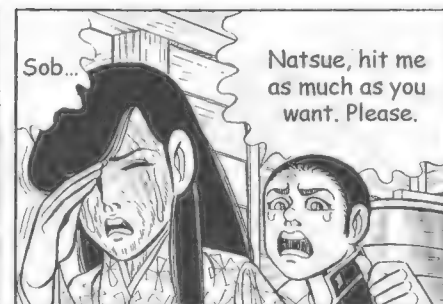
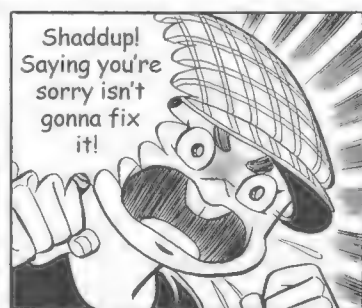
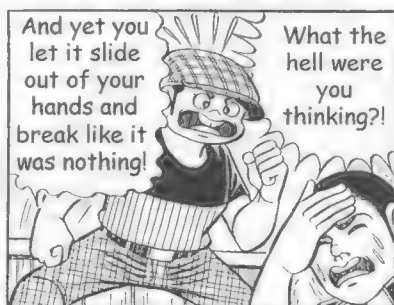
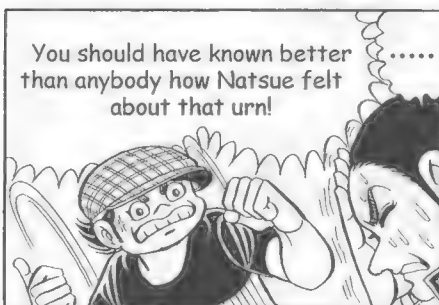
When I think how
much fun it would
be if Natsue were
here with us... it
makes me sad...

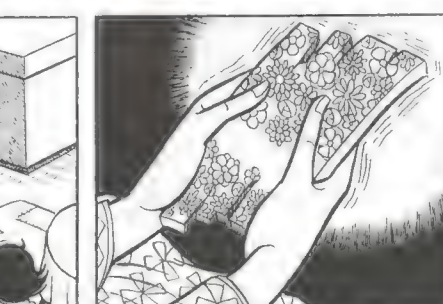
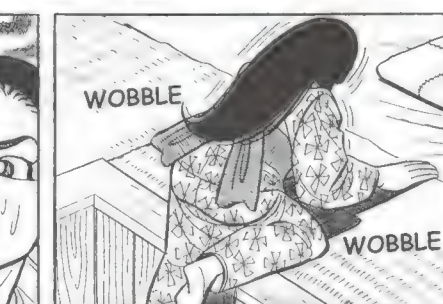
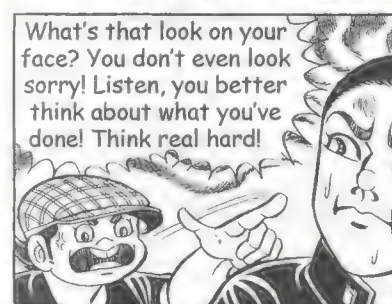
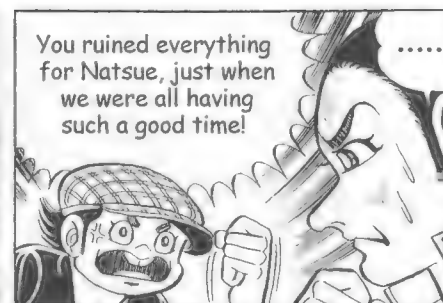
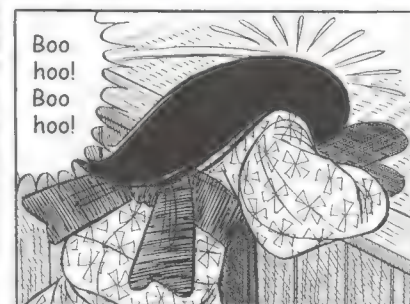
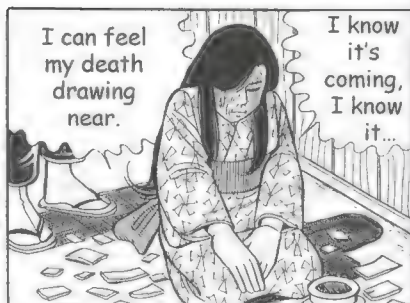
Huh?
Oh, I
see.













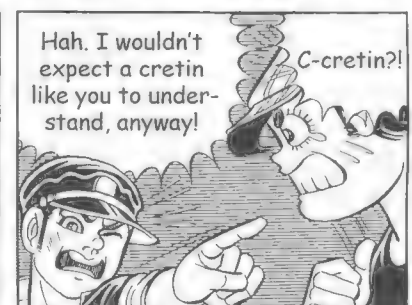
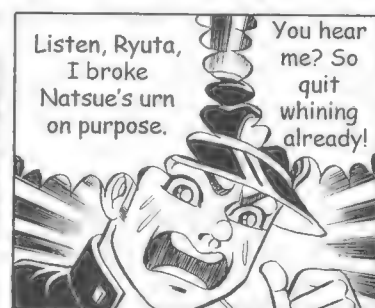
Sign: Hirogoku (Hiroshima's entertainment district)

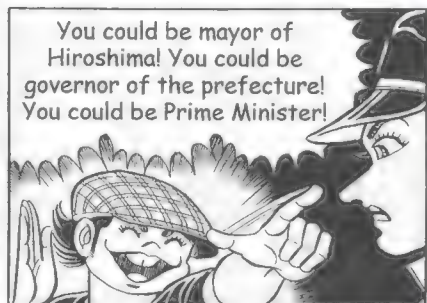
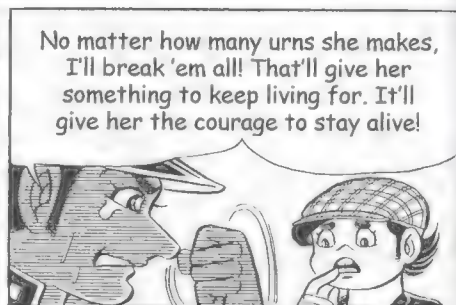


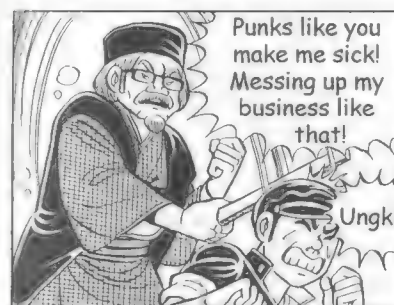
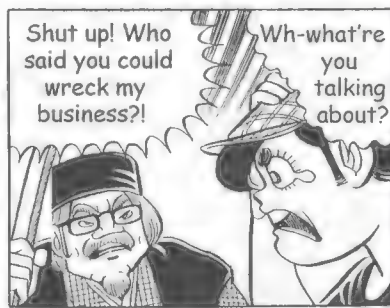
Signs: Kouzei Theater; "Memories of Mother" starring Michiko Oe; Next week: Mary Matsubara, Striptease Queen

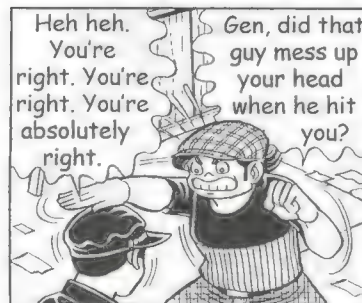
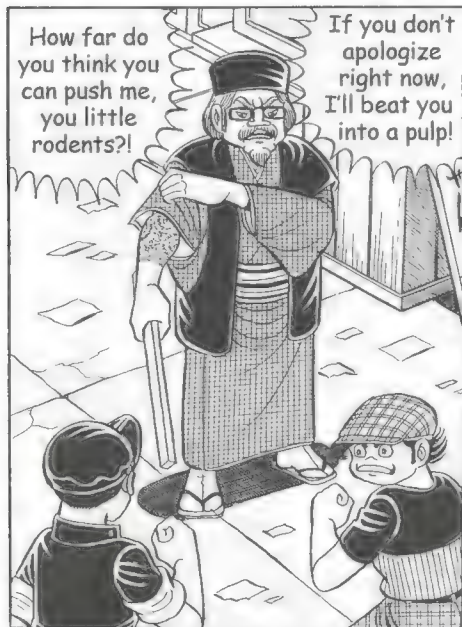


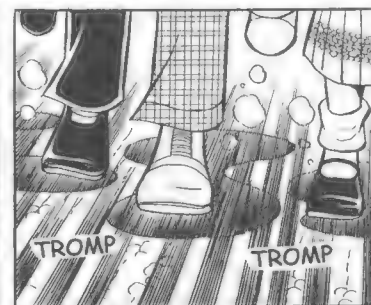
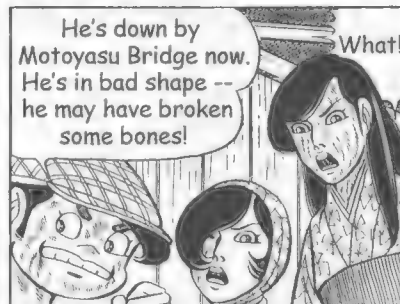
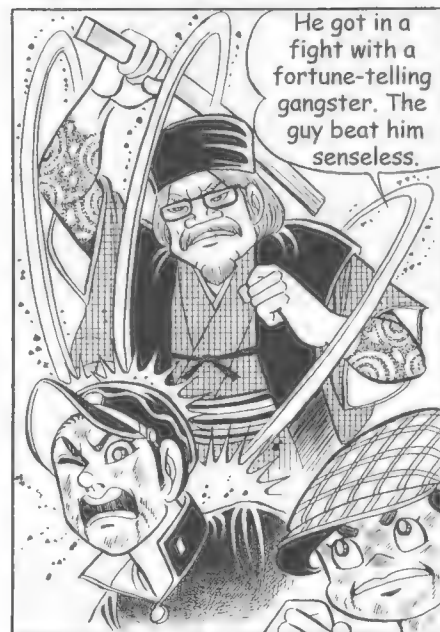
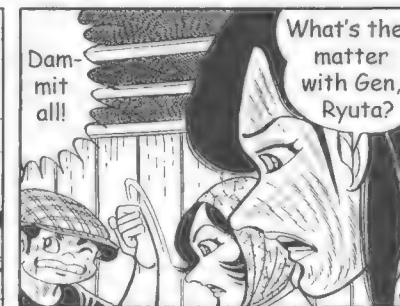
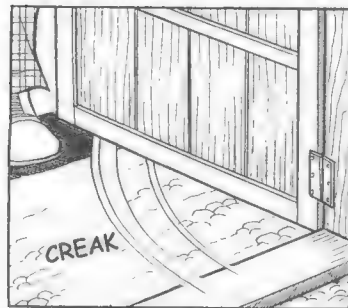
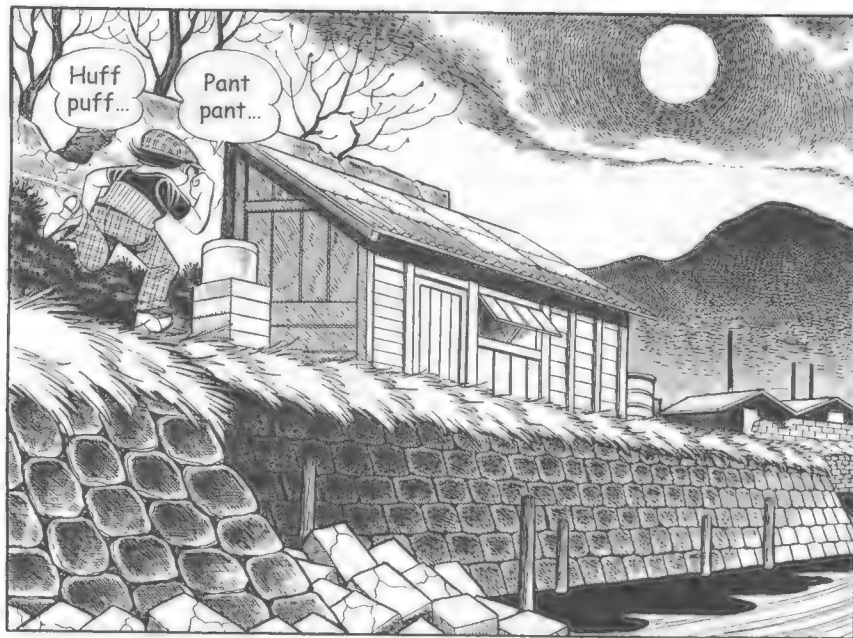
Signs: Kouzei Theater; Palm Readings, Fortunes Told

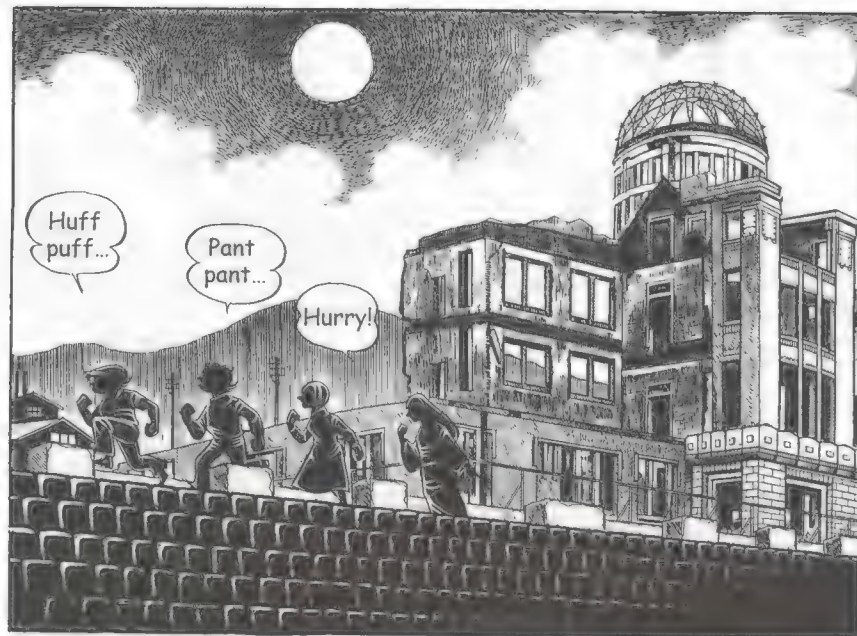




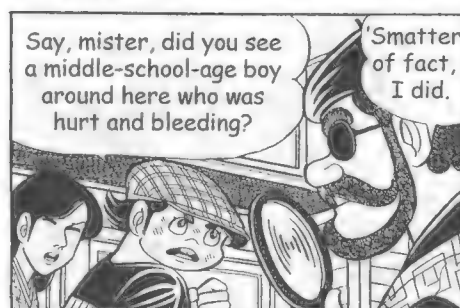
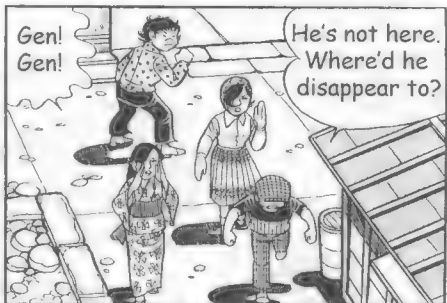


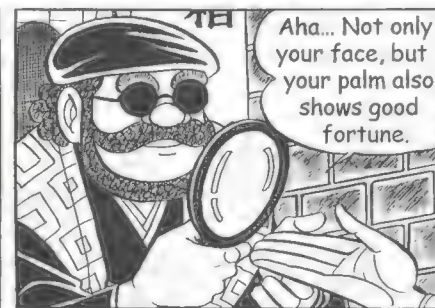
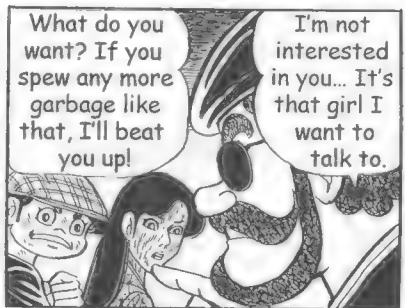
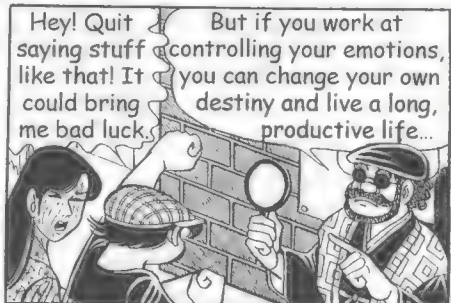
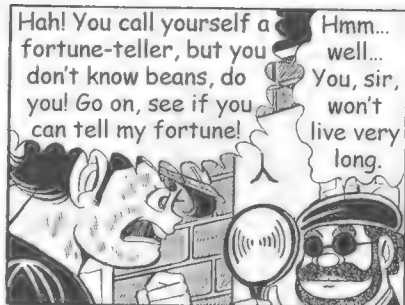
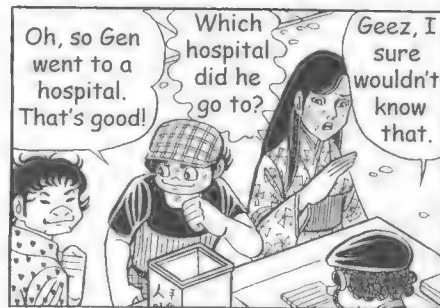


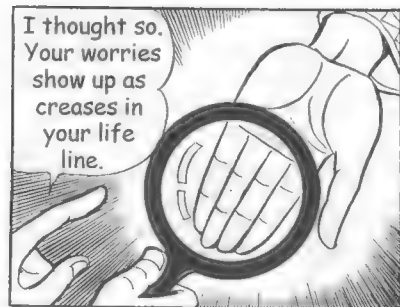




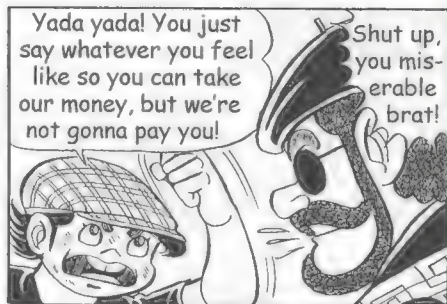
Sign: Motoyasu Bridge







I thought so.
Your worries
show up as
creases in
your life
line.



Yada yada! You just
say whatever you feel
like so you can take
our money, but we're
not gonna pay you!

Shut up,
you mis-
erable
brat!



I astonished scientists
all over the world by
predicting the fate of
the American president
Franklin Roosevelt, 100
percent correctly!

I was the top
student of the
famous fortune-
teller Tenchi
Dozan.

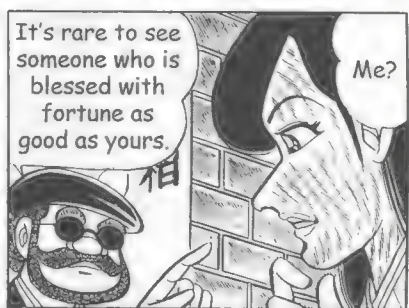


人相

手相

Everything
I tell you
is accurate!

Phooey!
Anybody
can be
right half
the time.



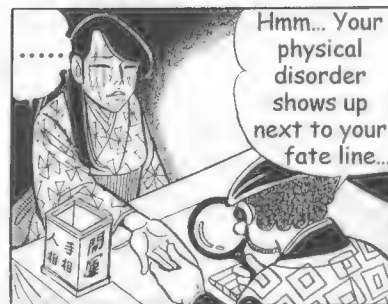
It's rare to see
someone who is
blessed with
fortune as
good as yours.

Me?

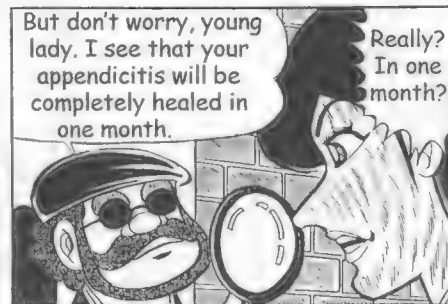


Right now you're
suffering from an
illness in your
belly, maybe
appendicitis or
something.

Y-yes,
that's
right!

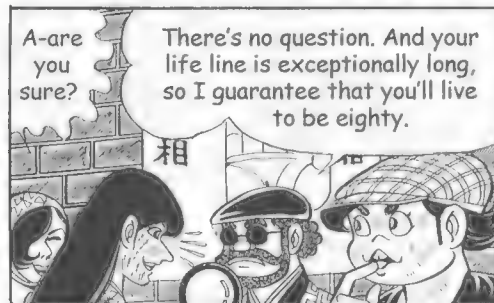


.....
Hmm... Your
physical
disorder
shows up
next to your
fate line...



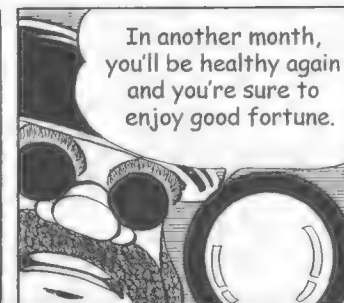
But don't worry, young
lady. I see that your
appendicitis will be
completely healed in
one month.

Really?
In one
month?!



A-are
you
sure?

There's no question. And your
life line is exceptionally long,
so I guarantee that you'll live
to be eighty.



In another month,
you'll be healthy again
and you're sure to
enjoy good fortune.



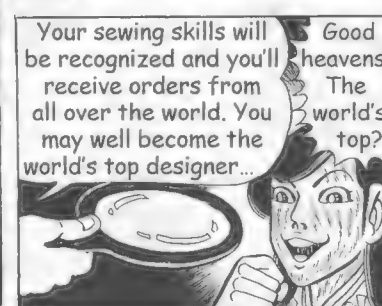
Your work right
now is some-
thing like
making clothing,
isn't it?...

Y-yes! I
make women's
dresses!



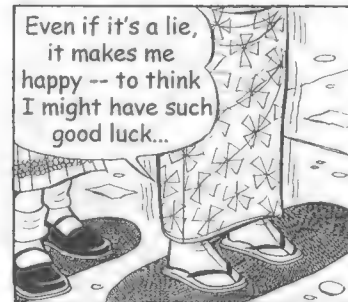
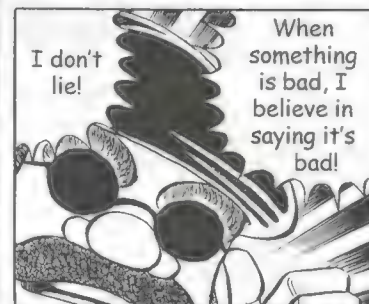
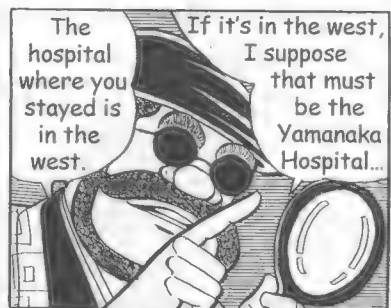
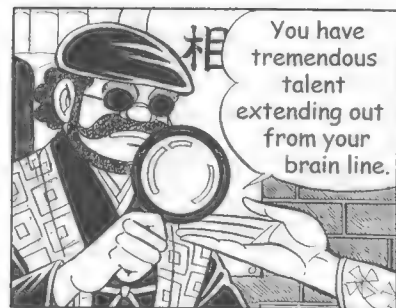
Wow! He
gets it
right
pretty
often.

Yeah,
he
does!



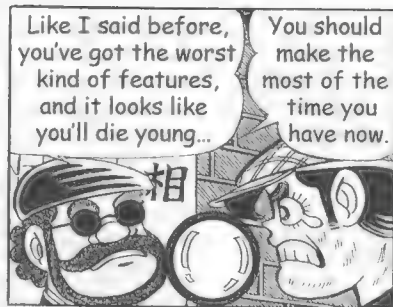
Your sewing skills will
be recognized and you'll
receive orders from
all over the world. You
may well become the
world's top designer...

Good
heavens!
The
world's
top?





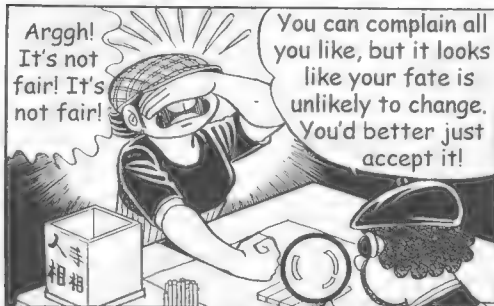
Ha ha ha! You're pretty good, mister! Tell my fortune, too. Will I be rich? Will I be happy?



Like I said before, you've got the worst kind of features, and it looks like you'll die young... You should make the most of the time you have now.



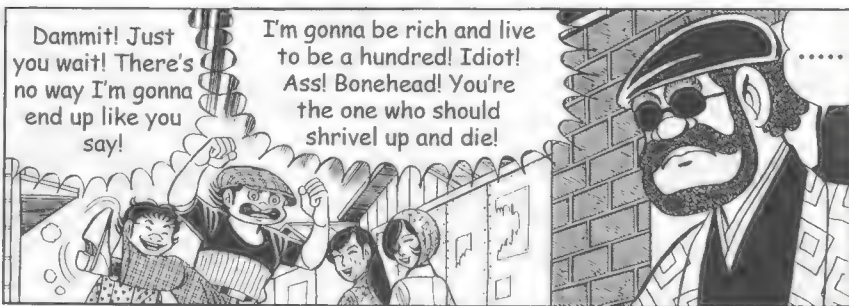
Shut up! Enough of that! You'll be a pauper and die a dog's death... Poor fellow...



Arggh! It's not fair! It's not fair! You can complain all you like, but it looks like your fate is unlikely to change. You'd better just accept it!



Nooo! It's not fair!

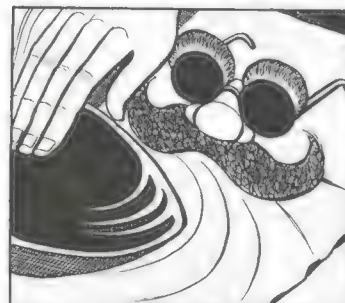


Dammit! Just you wait! There's no way I'm gonna end up like you say! I'm gonna be rich and live to be a hundred! Idiot! Ass! Bonehead! You're the one who should shrivel up and die!



Natsue, let's hurry up and get to the hospital. We don't want you to miss out on your good luck!

Mutter Grumble



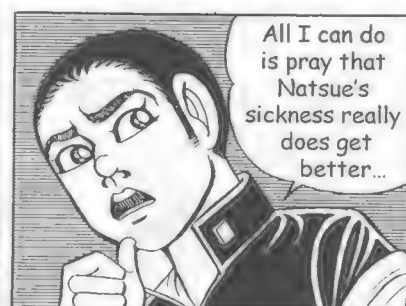
Keep living, Natsue... Don't give up...

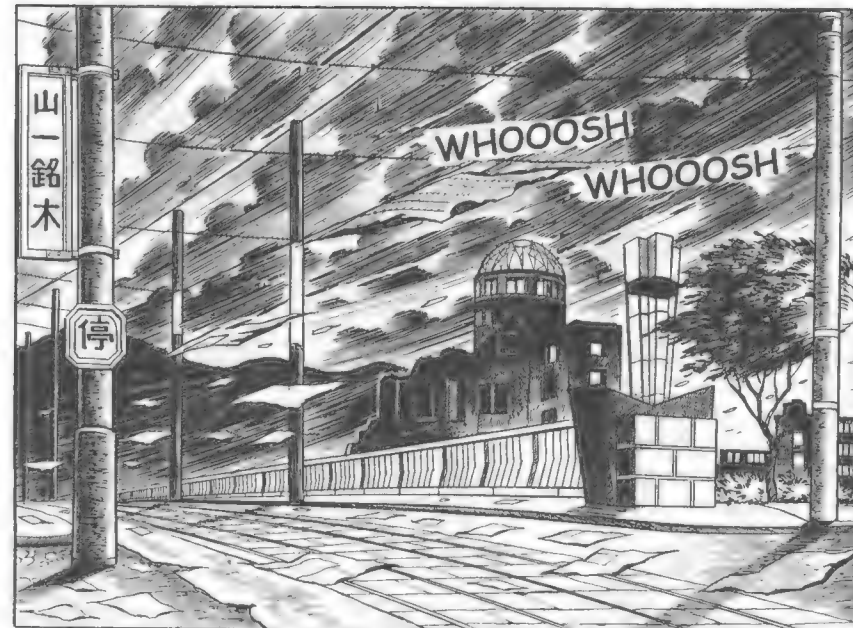
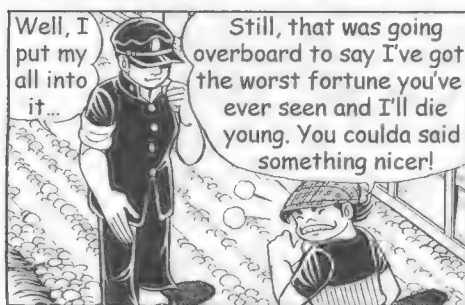
Please...



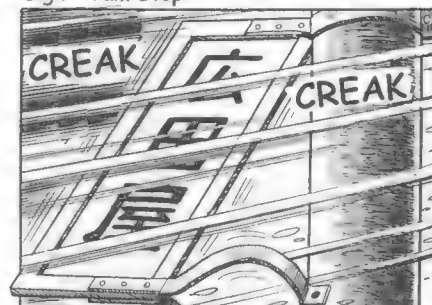


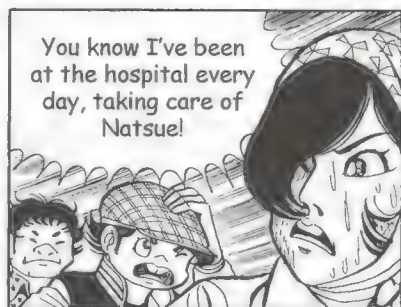
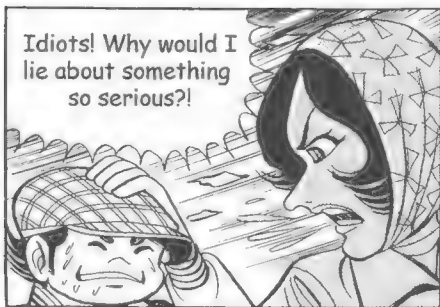
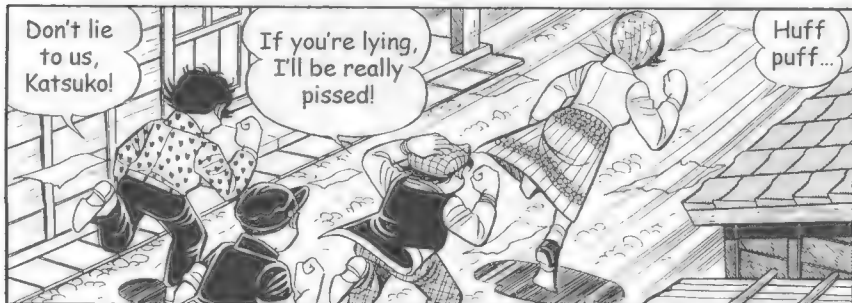
Koueza Theater



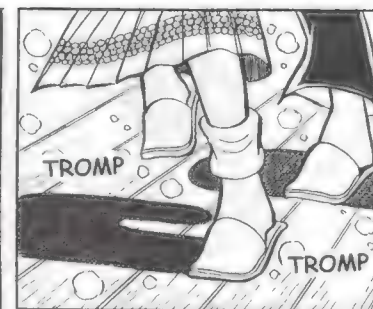


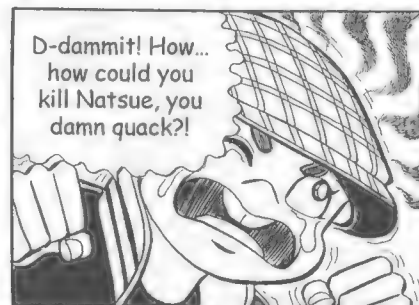
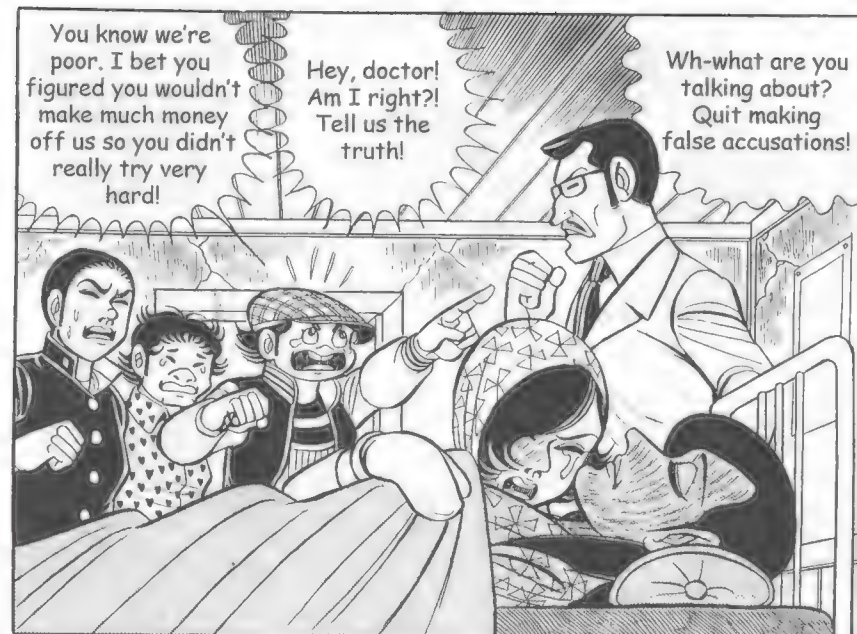
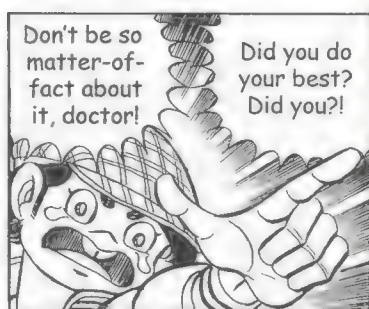
Sign: Tram Stop

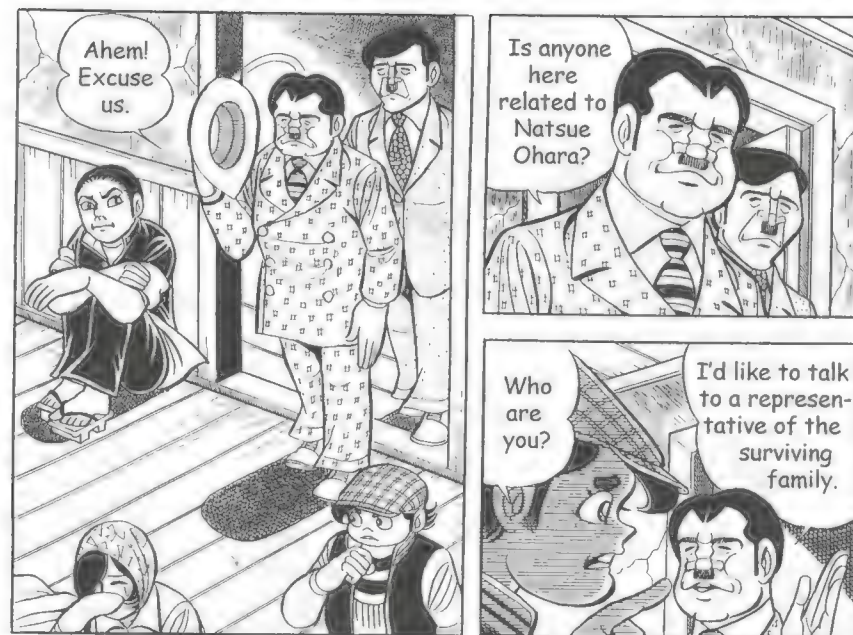


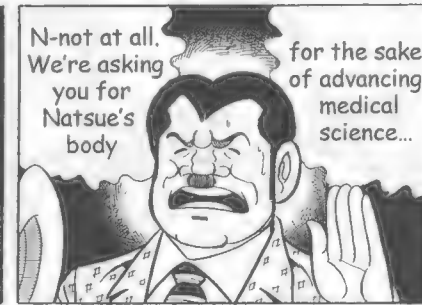
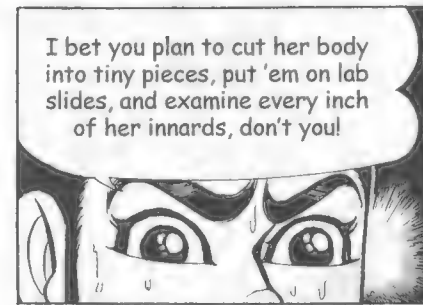
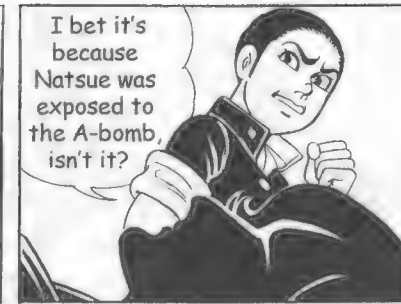
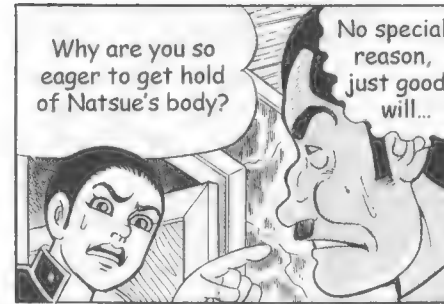


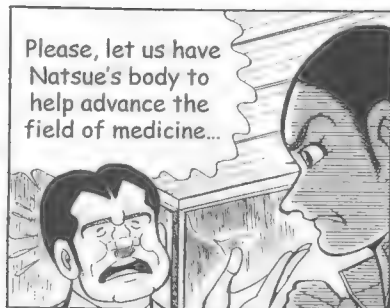
Sign: Yamanaka Hospital







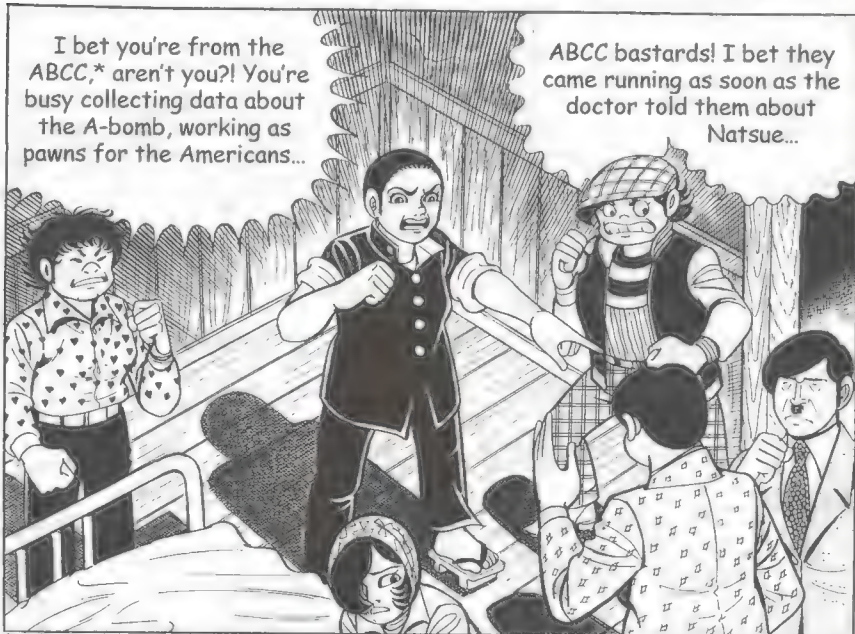




Please, let us have Natsue's body to help advance the field of medicine...



Shut up!



I bet you're from the ABCC,* aren't you? You're busy collecting data about the A-bomb, working as pawns for the Americans...

ABCC bastards! I bet they came running as soon as the doctor told them about Natsue...

* ABCC: Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission



You're not working to help us Japanese!

You're running around gathering data to help the Yankees prepare for the day when someone drops an atomic bomb on America!



Natsue finally found peace after a life of horrible suffering from the effects of the bomb!

You really think I'm gonna let the Americans who dropped that bomb continue to torment her, even in death?!

You tell 'em, Gen!



I won't let you lay one finger on Natsue!



Get lost!



Argh!

SMASH

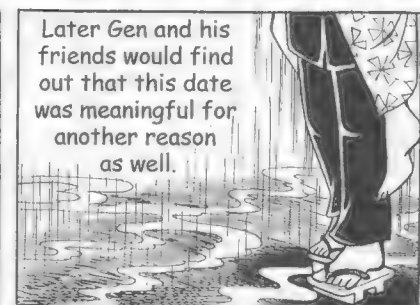
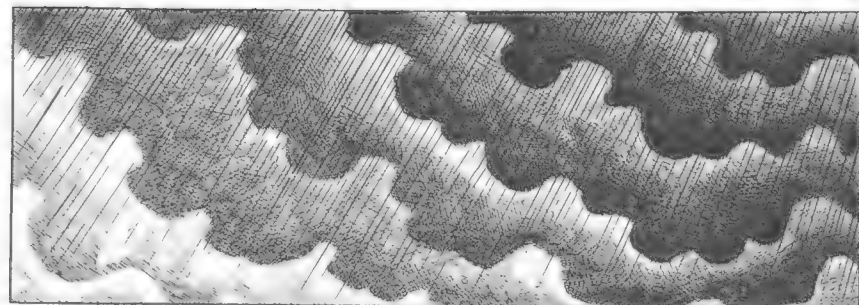
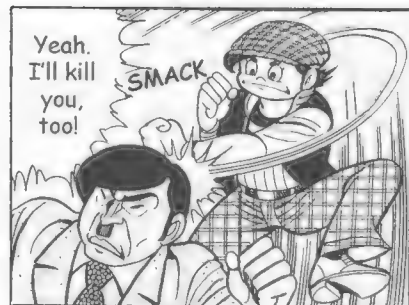


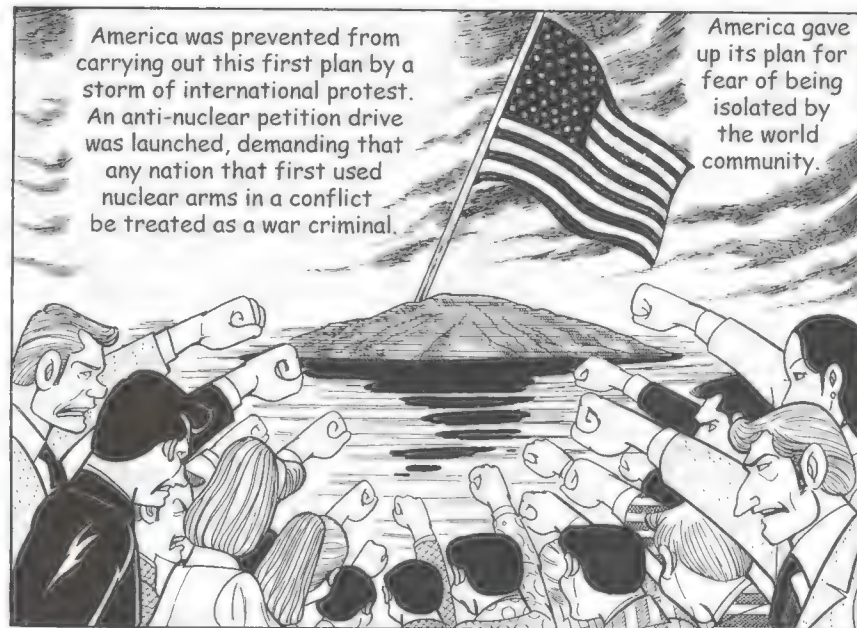
Go! Get out!

If you don't leave now, I'm gonna kill you!



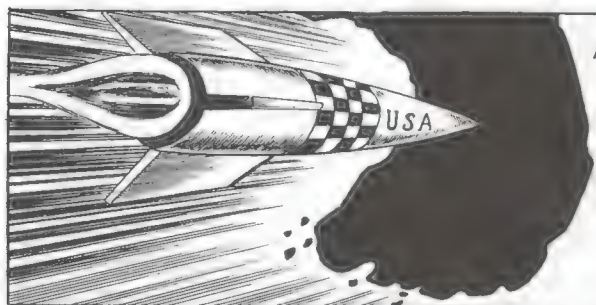
URKI!



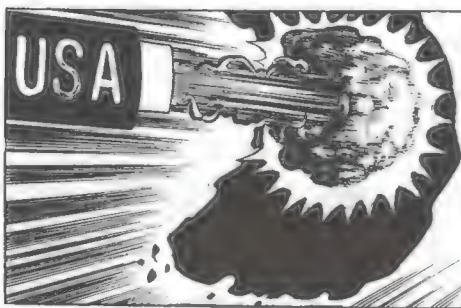


America was prevented from carrying out this first plan by a storm of international protest. An anti-nuclear petition drive was launched, demanding that any nation that first used nuclear arms in a conflict be treated as a war criminal.

America gave up its plan for fear of being isolated by the world community.



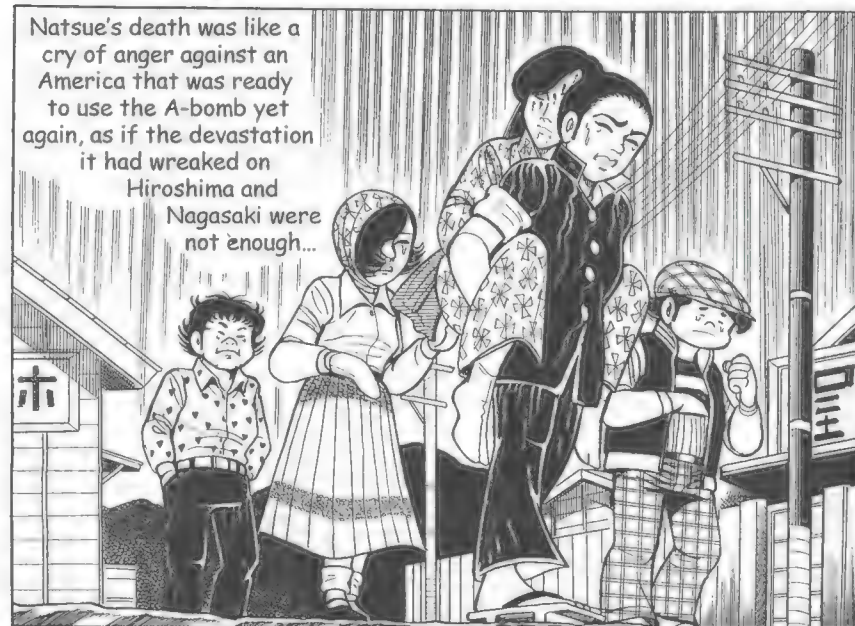
America made a second threat to use nuclear weapons in Korea toward the end of the war in May 1953.



America prepared to use nuclear weapons on the Korean Peninsula a third time in April 1969, after North Korean forces shot down a U.S. reconnaissance plane.



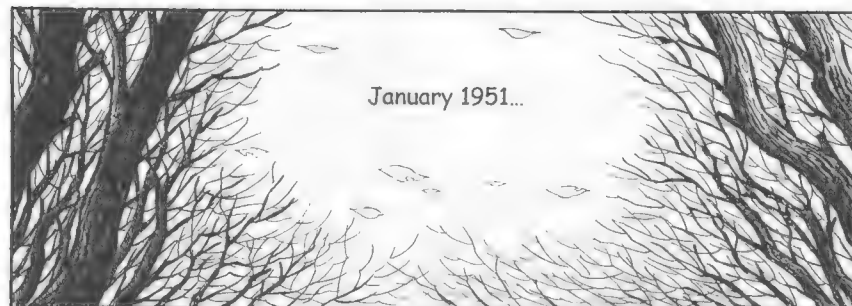
Once again, it was only a public outcry that prevented America from hatching further plans to use nuclear arms.



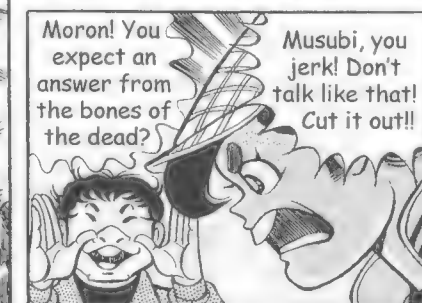
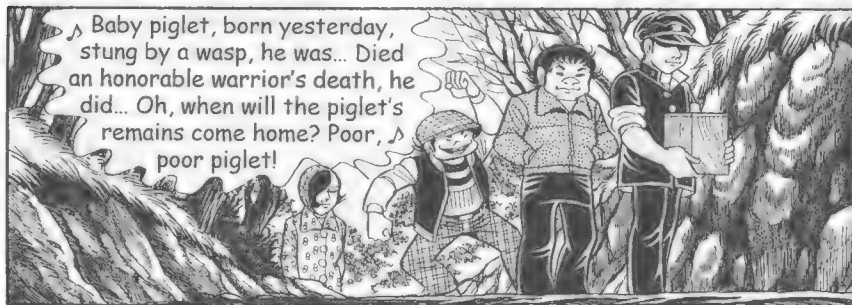
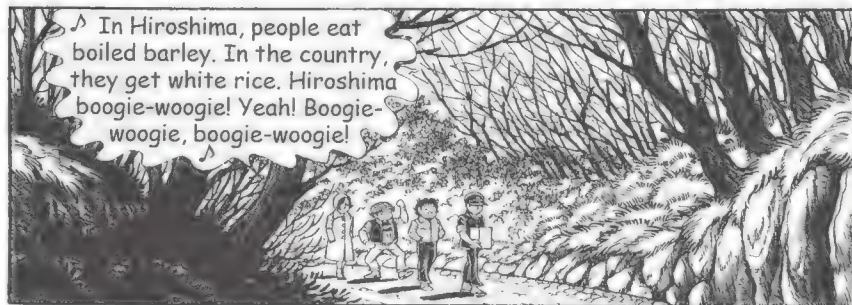
Natsue's death was like a cry of anger against an America that was ready to use the A-bomb yet again, as if the devastation it had wreaked on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were not enough...

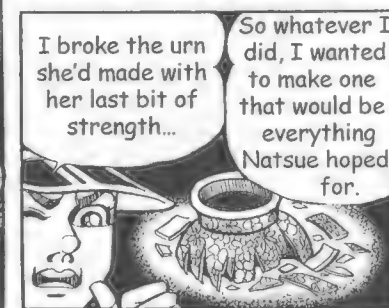
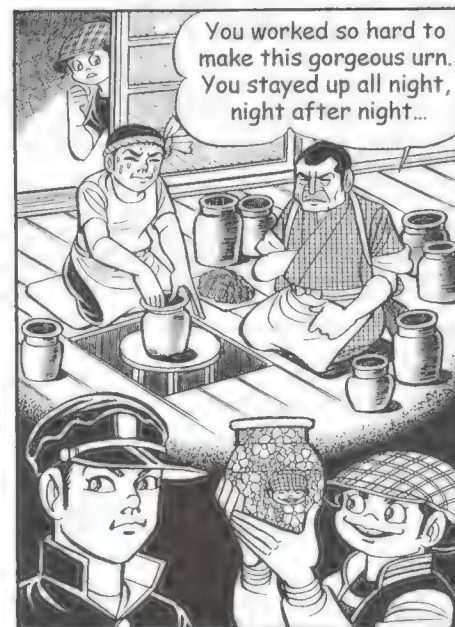
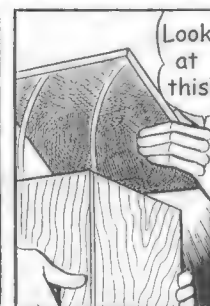
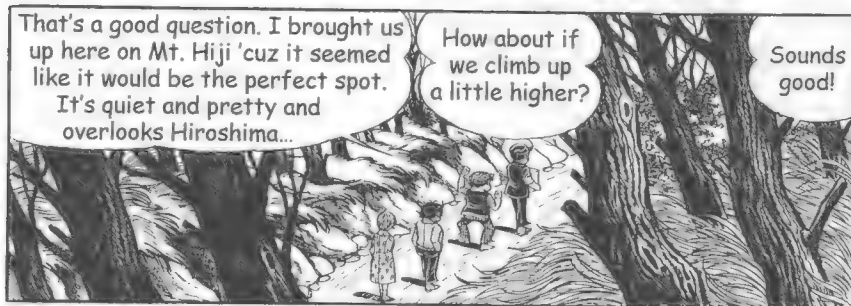
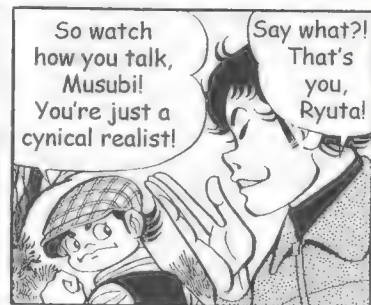
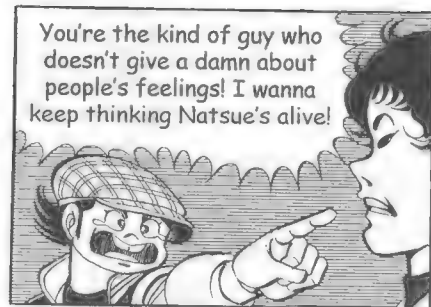


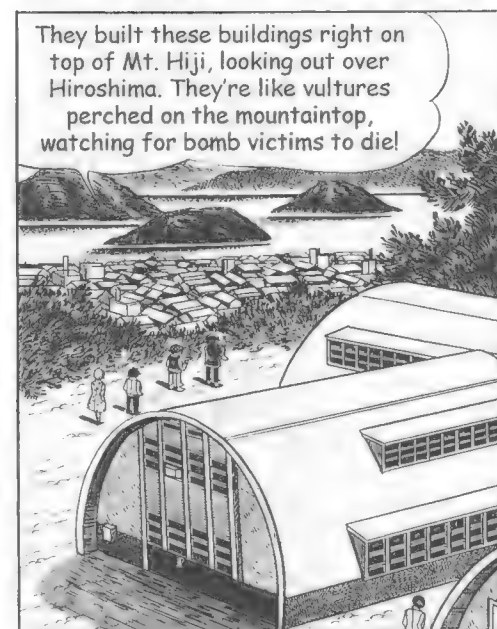
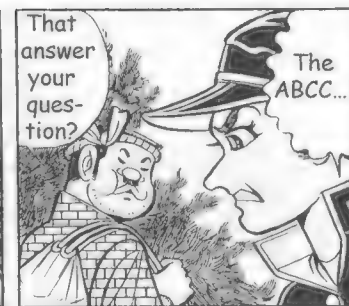
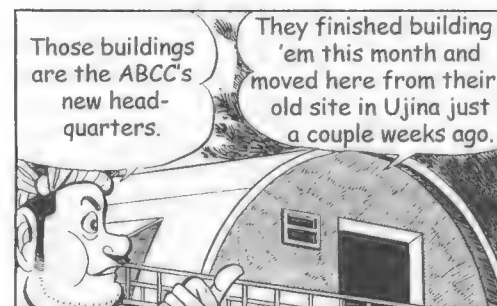
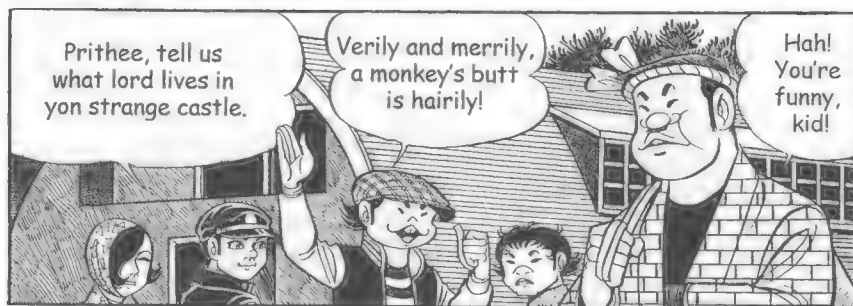
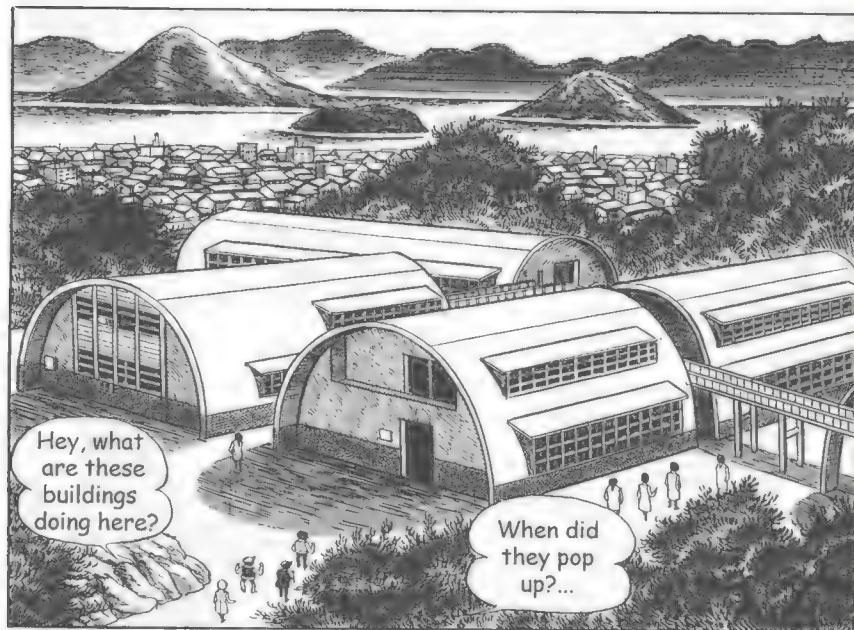
The threat of nuclear weapons continued to spread across the world.



January 1951...









Damn! The whole thing disgusts me.



Take that!

WHOOSH

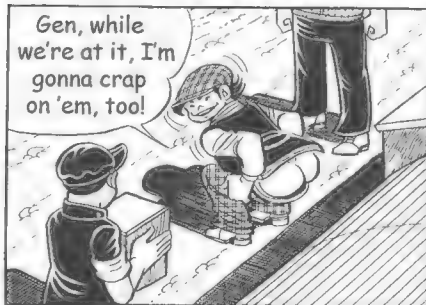


Yeah. Let's show 'em!

SPLISH SPLOSH



FWOOOSH



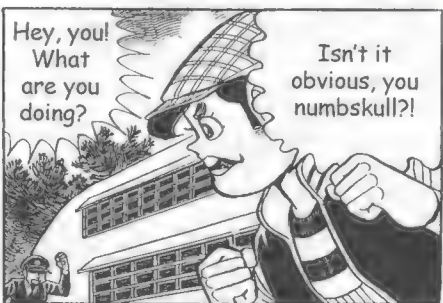
Gen, while we're at it, I'm gonna crap on 'em, too!



Unnghk...

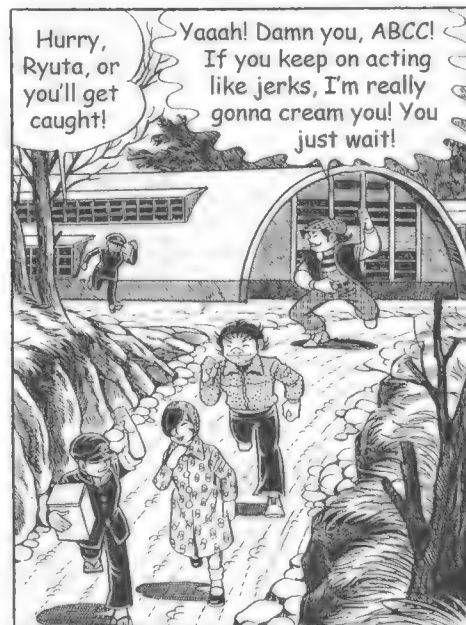


Damn! Nothing's coming out. Geez, seems I'm always constipated lately...



Hey, you! What are you doing?

Isn't it obvious, you numbskull?!



Hurry, Ryuta, or you'll get caught!

Yaaah! Damn you, ABCC! If you keep on acting like jerks, I'm really gonna cream you! You just wait!



Damn those brats!



Yaaah! Next time I'm gonna take a big crap and paint your walls with it! So now you have something to look forward to!



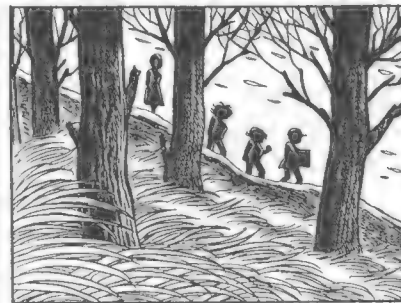
That didn't turn out so good, huh, Gen. Here we thought Mt. Hiji would be the perfect spot for Natsue. But we never imagined the dirty old ABCC would be here.

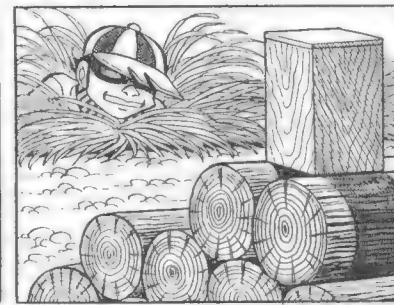
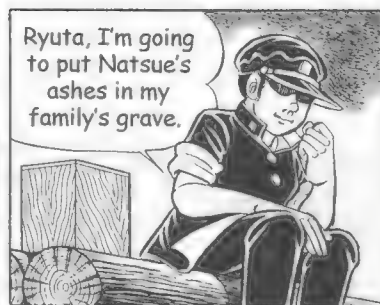
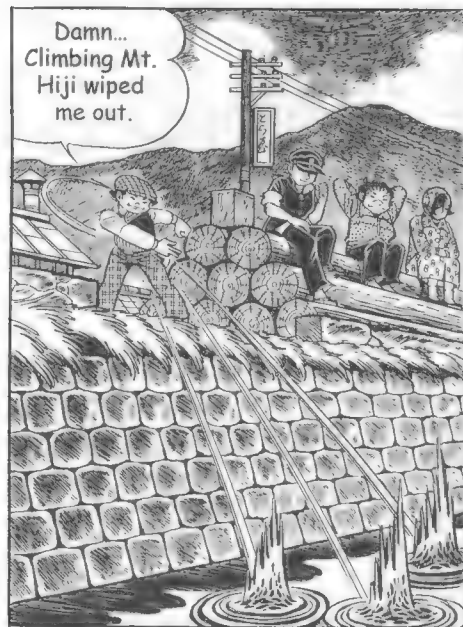
You're right. There's no way we can bury her ashes here.

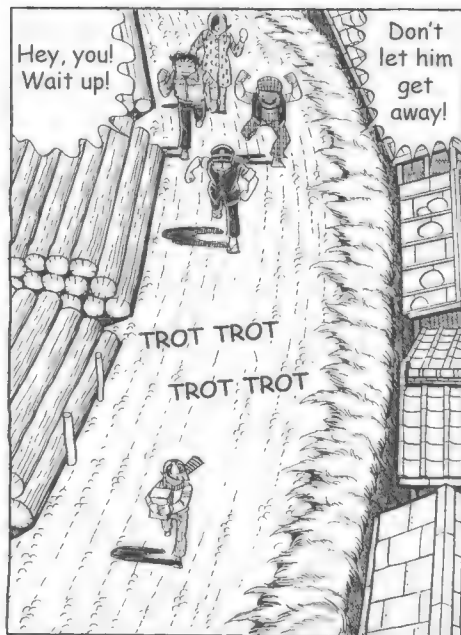


What're we gonna do, Gen? Where're we gonna put Natsue's ashes?

I dunno. There must be a place somewhere...







Hey, you!
Wait up!

Don't
let him
get
away!

TROT TROT
TROT TROT



Pant
pant...



Damn! You can't let
your guard down
for even a second
these days...

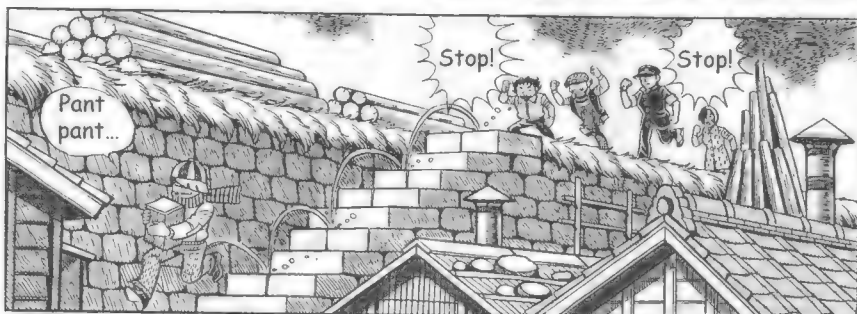
People will
even steal
someone's
ashes!



Huff puff... We've
gotta get 'em back,
or Natsue's soul
won't be able to
rest!



Pant pant...
Wait up, you
scumbag!



Pant
pant...

Stop!

Stop!



He went
into that
house.



Huff puff...
He can't get
away from
us now.



Hey, you! If you
come out now and
apologize, we'll let
you go! But you
better come out
right now!



Damn! So he
still won't give
up? I'm really
gonna cream
him.

That's my
department,
Gen! I'll
handle him!

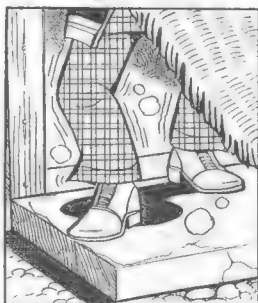
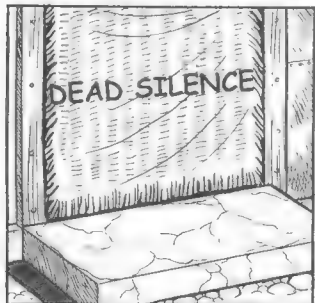


When it comes
to taking care
of punks like
this one,
Ryuta's your
man!

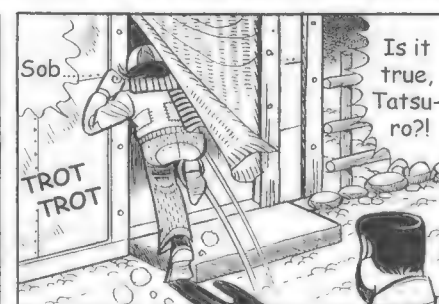
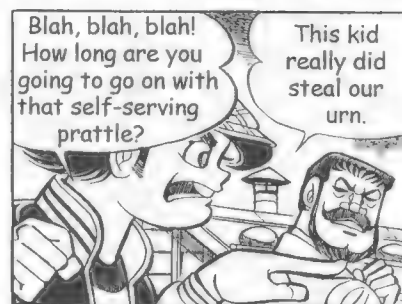
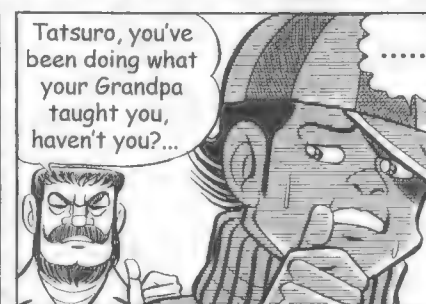
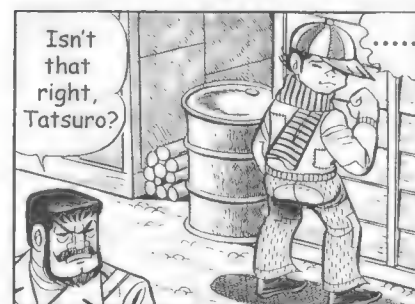
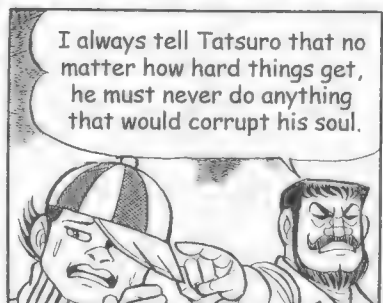
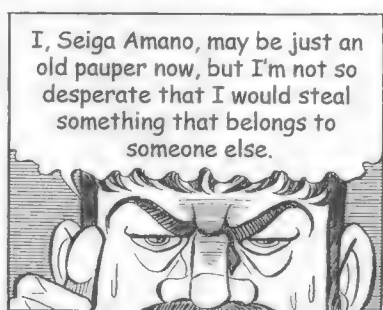
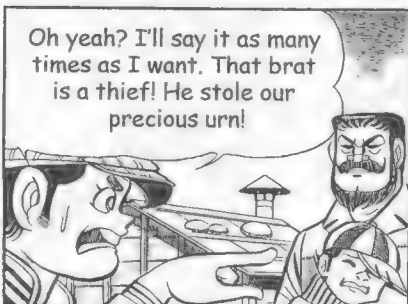
Just leave
him to me!

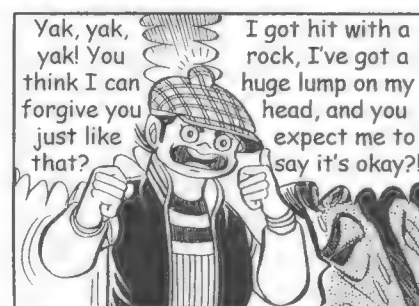
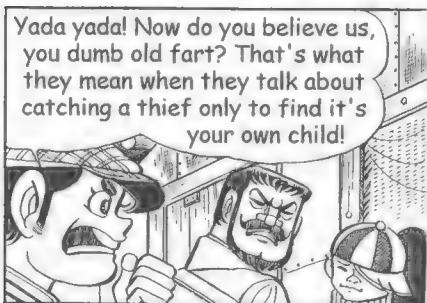
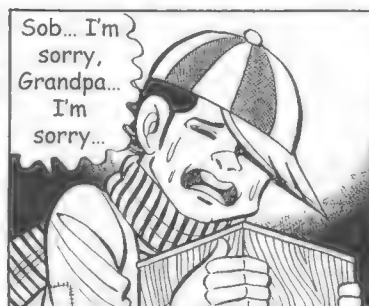


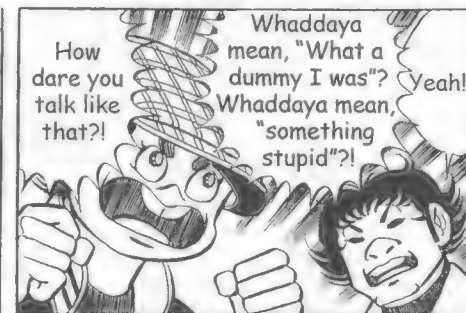
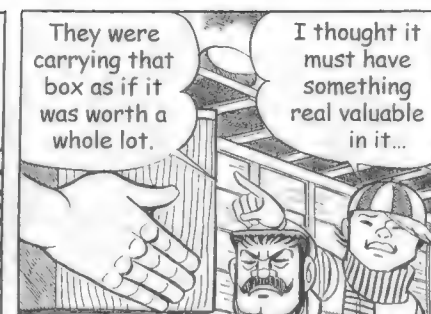
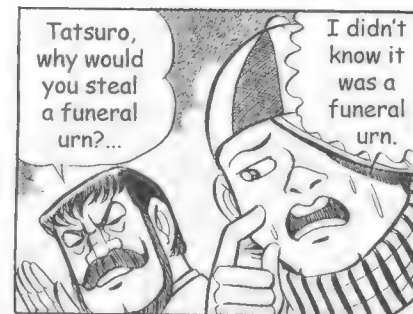
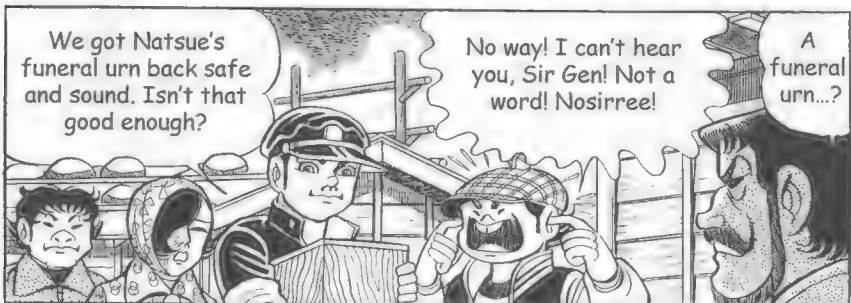
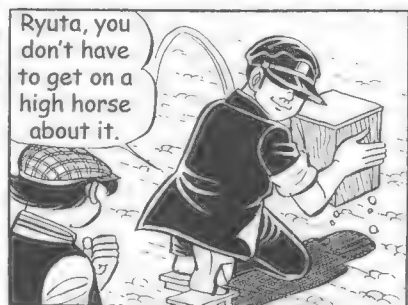
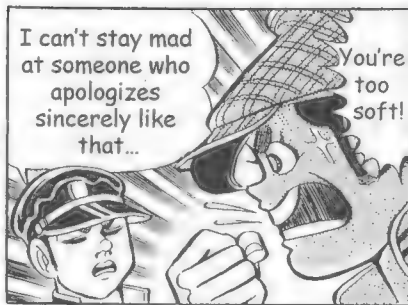
Observe
the
master...













I'm sorry, Mister.
I'm sorry, Mister.
I'm sorry, Miss.
I'm really sorry...

Please
forgive
him...

.....



That's good
enough, isn't
it, Ryuta?
Let's go.

Y-yeah,
okay.



Hey,
uh,
Mister?

What?



I wanna ask you
a favor. There's
something I
really want you
to see.

Why,
what is
it?...



Heh heh...
A strip
show
would be
nice!

Numb-
skull!



Vavava,
vavava,
vavava
voom!

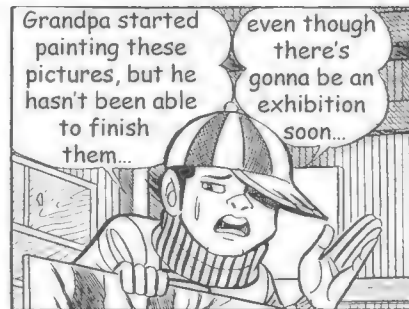
Block-
head!



Hey,
these are
great
pictures!



What's
so great
about 'em?
They're just
sketches...

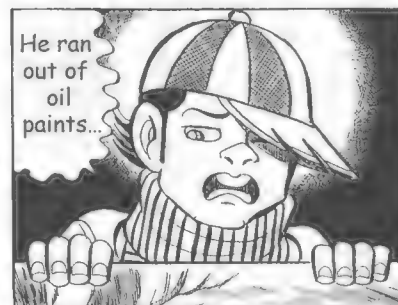


Grandpa started
painting these
pictures, but he
hasn't been able
to finish
them...

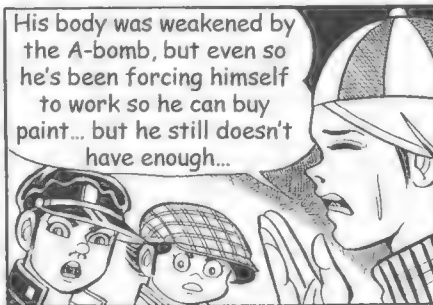
even though
there's
gonna be an
exhibition
soon...



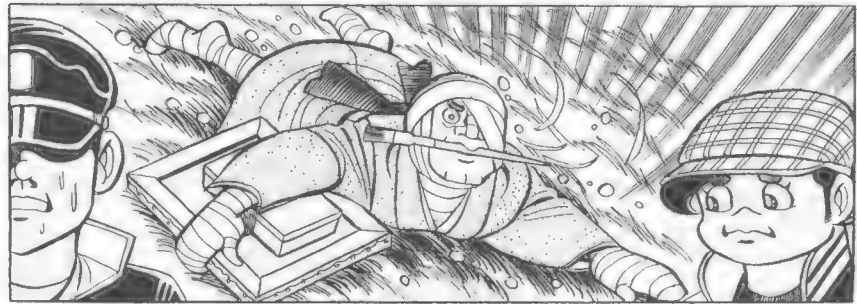
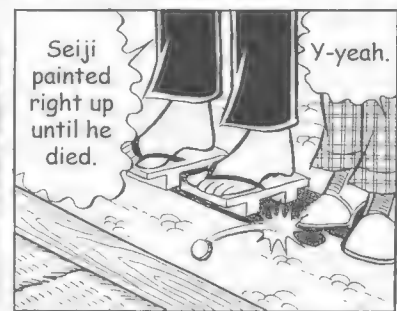
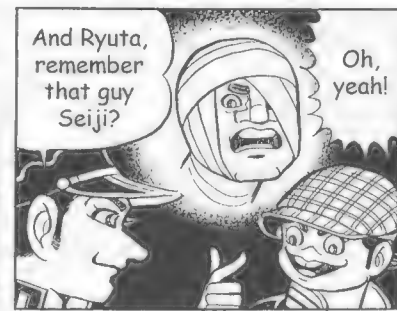
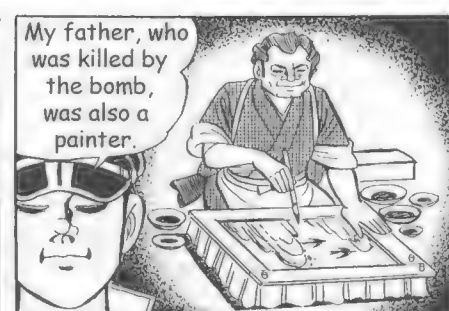
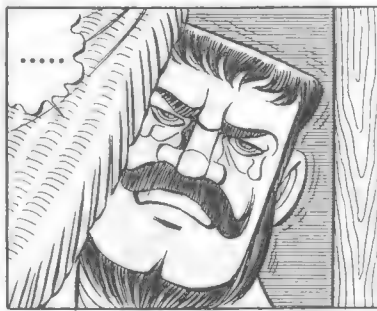
Why
can't he
finish
them?

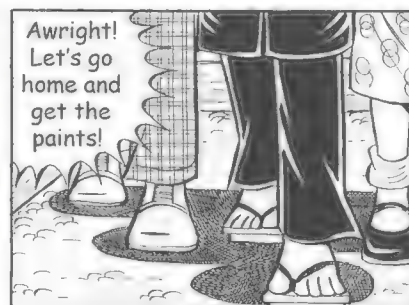
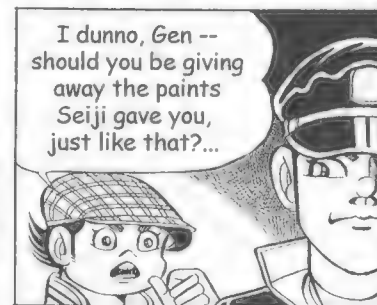
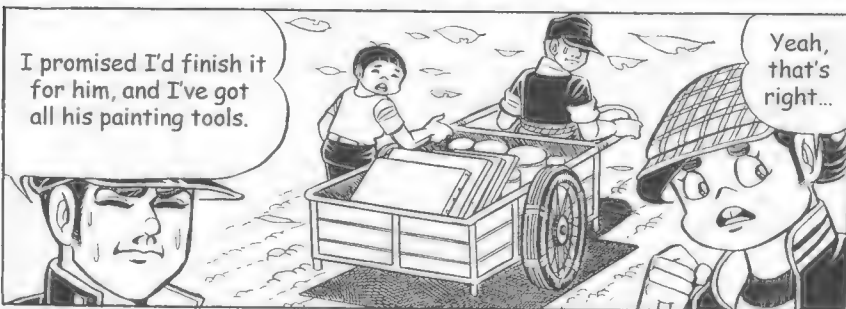


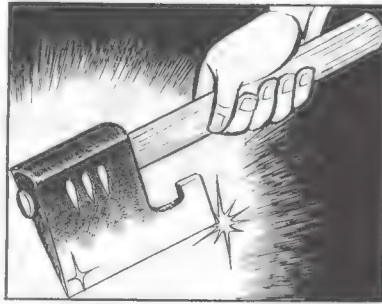
He ran
out of
oil
paints...



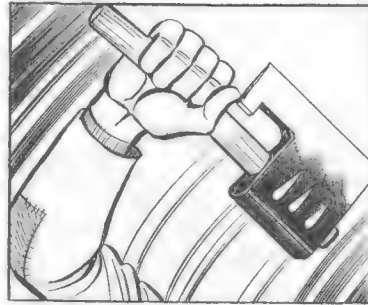
His body was weakened by
the A-bomb, but even so
he's been forcing himself
to work so he can buy
paint... but he still doesn't
have enough...







G-Gramps!
Wh-what's
gotten
into you?

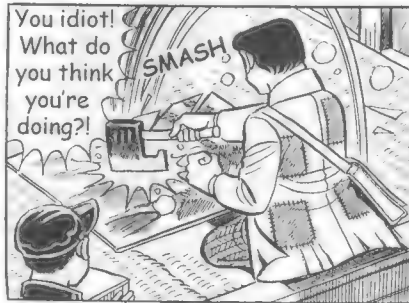


Ack!

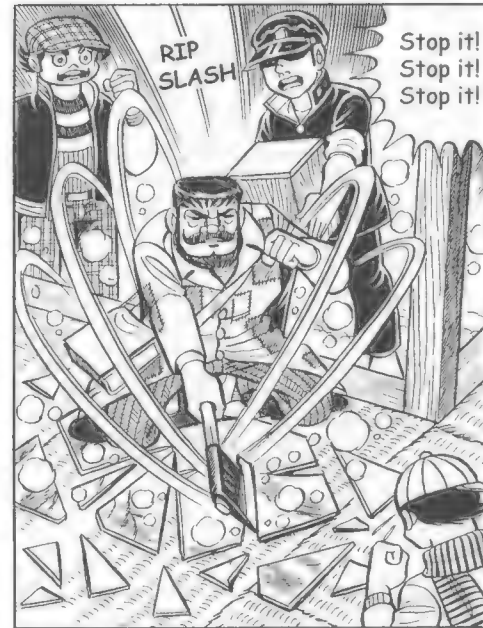
Yikes!



Grand-
pa!



You idiot!
What do
you think
you're
doing?!



RIP
SLASH

Stop it!
Stop it!
Stop it!

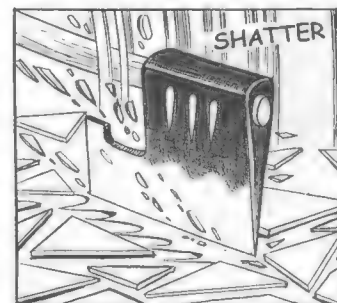


CRASH
RIP
SLASH

Y
A
A
H!



Wh-what happened
to the old geezer?
Did he lose his
marbles?



SHATTER



I don't wanna
deal with this,
Gen. Let's
get outta
here!



Poor old guy!
He's really gone
bonkers. Wotta
spectacle!...



Grandpa! Why
would you do this
to your precious
pictures?!

You fool!
You
fool!

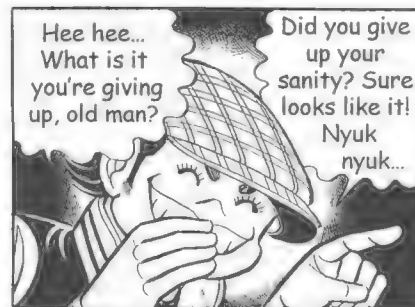


Sob...



I
give
up.

I give up!
I give up!
I give up
already!

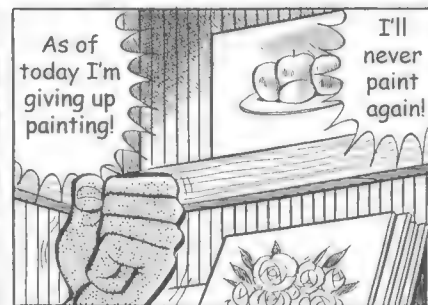


Hee hee...
What is it
you're giving
up, old man?

Did you give
up your
sanity? Sure
looks like it!
Nyuk
nyuk...



Urk!



As of
today I'm
giving up
painting!

I'll
never
paint
again!



Wh-why?
You don't have
to give up
painting
now...

Go ahead
and paint
away!



I really
am a fool!

A damned
painting
fool!

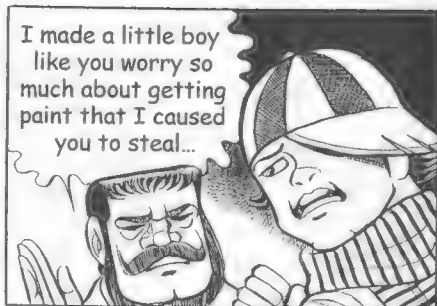


I-I'm
ashamed.

Tee hee... Somebody
who admits he's a
fool really is one!
Congratulations!



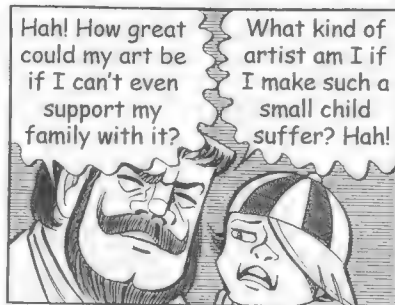
Please forgive me, Tatsuro...



I made a little boy like you worry so much about getting paint that I caused you to steal...



I thought of myself as a great artist who paints pictures that touch the hearts of people... I was so arrogant...



Hah! How great could my art be if I can't even support my family with it?

What kind of artist am I if I make such a small child suffer? Hah!

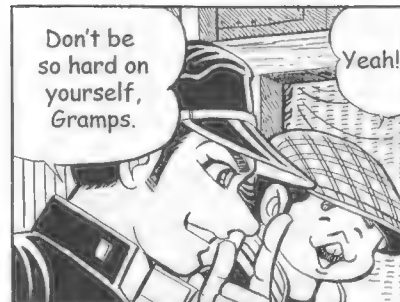


I was so full of myself...



I'm a damned fool who tormented others,

strutted around like a bigshot, and thought I was better than anyone else. I'm ashamed. I'm so ashamed...



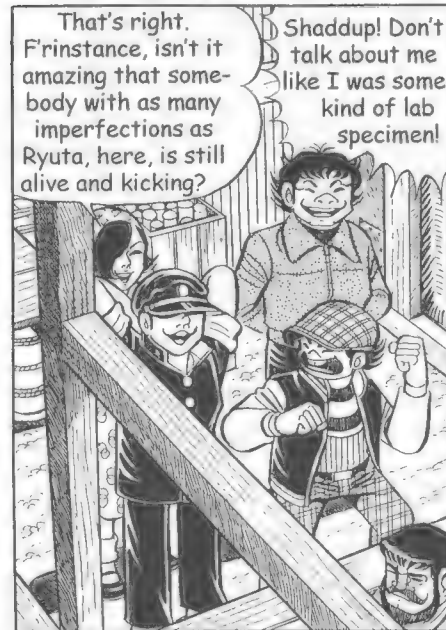
Don't be so hard on yourself, Gramps.

Yeah!



Why don't you just paint for fun!...

You're too much of a perfectionist, Gramps... There isn't a single perfect person in this world, you know!

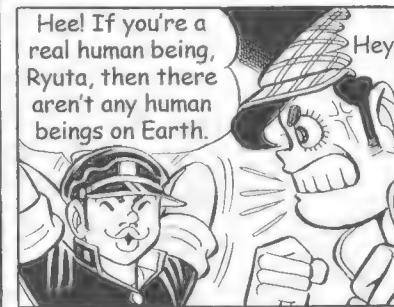


That's right. Frinstance, isn't it amazing that somebody with as many imperfections as Ryuta, here, is still alive and kicking?

Shaddup! Don't talk about me like I was some kind of lab specimen!



Grrr... I'm the perfect example of what a real human being is! Take a good look!



Hee! If you're a real human being, Ryuta, then there aren't any human beings on Earth.

Hey!



Just exactly what is that supposed to mean?! You can't talk down to people like that!

Relax, relax, don't get your nose out of joint!

Yeah, take it easy!



Enough! All of you, go home! Leave us alone!



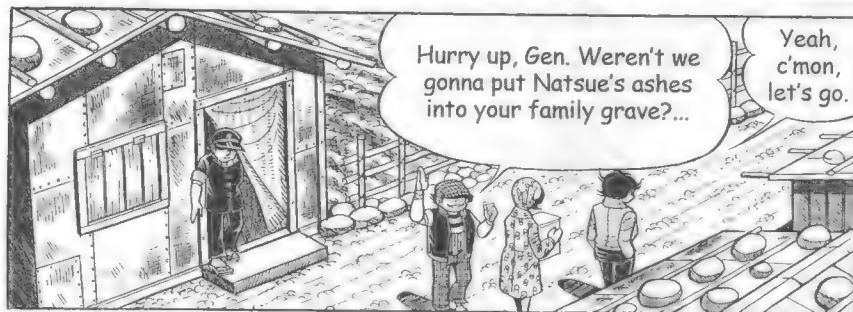
Hmph! Even if you told us not to leave a dump like this, we'd go anyway.

Yeah.



Fine, let's go, let's go. This is stupid.

Huh?



Hurry up, Gen. Weren't we gonna put Natsue's ashes into your family grave?...

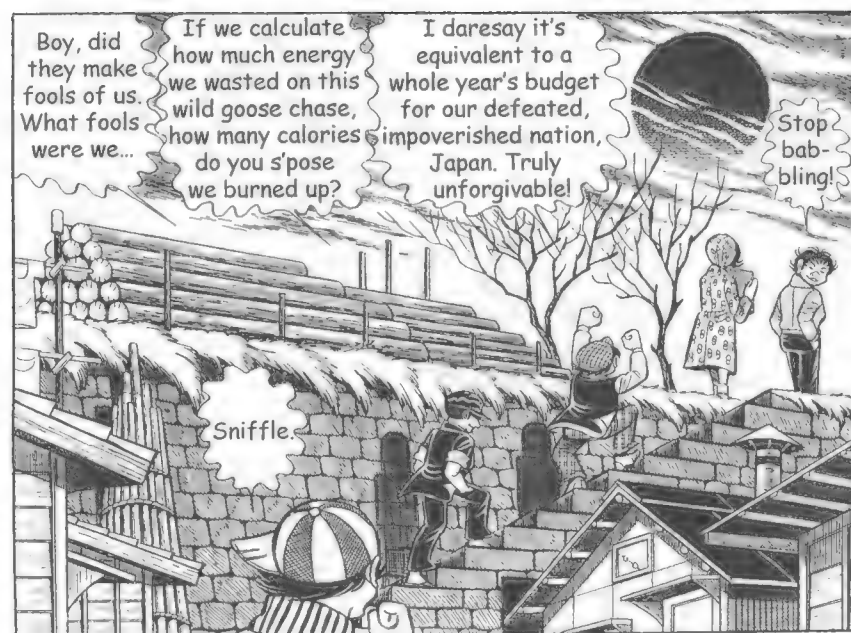
Yeah, c'mon, let's go.



See you, Tatsuro.



I'm sorry, Mister. I'm sorry.



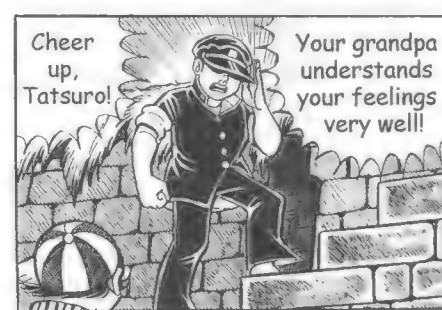
Boy, did they make fools of us. What fools were we...

If we calculate how much energy we wasted on this wild goose chase, how many calories do you s'pose we burned up?

I daresay it's equivalent to a whole year's budget for our defeated, impoverished nation, Japan. Truly unforgivable!

Stop babbling!

Sniffle.



Cheer up, Tatsuro!

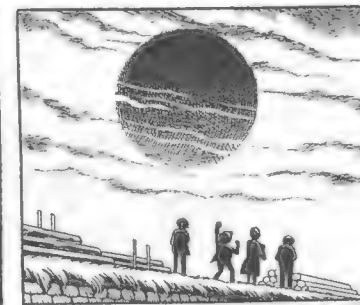
Your grandpa understands your feelings very well!



Sniff... Sob...



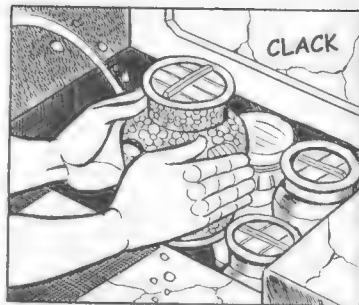
Come on, Gen, leave him be.



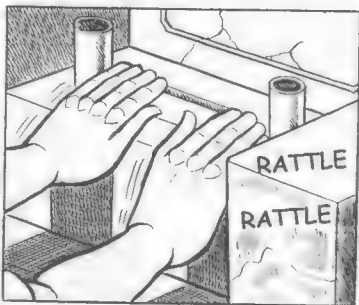


BONNNGG

Family grave markers



CLACK



RATTLE
RATTLE



Papa, Mama,
Eiko, Shinji...
Tomoko...

Please give
Natsue a warm
welcome.



Yeah! I'm counting
on you to take
good care of
Natsue, Auntie!

Nakaoka Family Grave



I'm sure
Natsue is
happy now,
Gen.

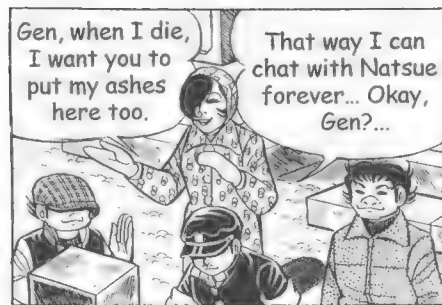
Absolutely!
Don't you
think so,
Musubi?

For sure.
This is the
place for
her!



Yeah,
it feels
right.

You
bet!



Gen, when I die,
I want you to
put my ashes
here too.

That way I can
chat with Natsue
forever... Okay,
Gen?...



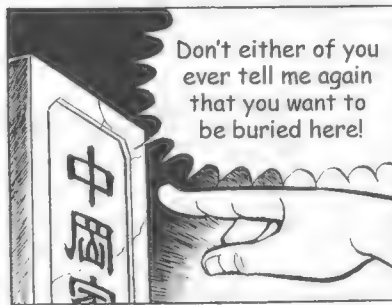
Yeah. I wanna
be buried
here, too,
Gen.



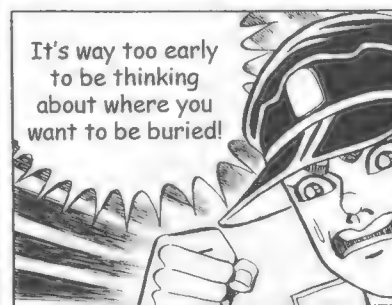
Don't be
an idiot,
Katsuko!

You too,
Musubi!

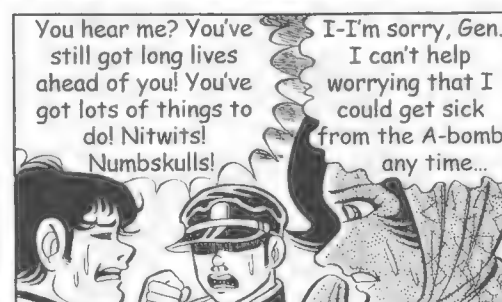
Yikes!



Don't either of you
ever tell me again
that you want to
be buried here!

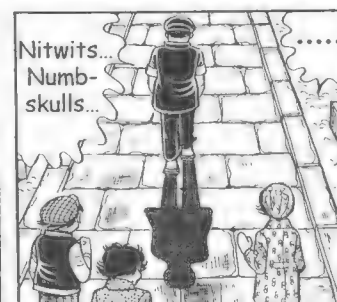


It's way too early
to be thinking
about where you
want to be buried!

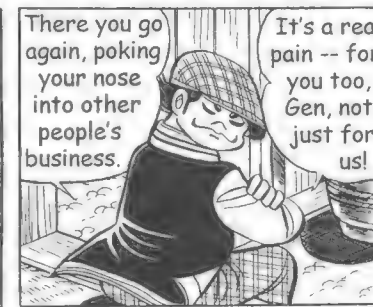
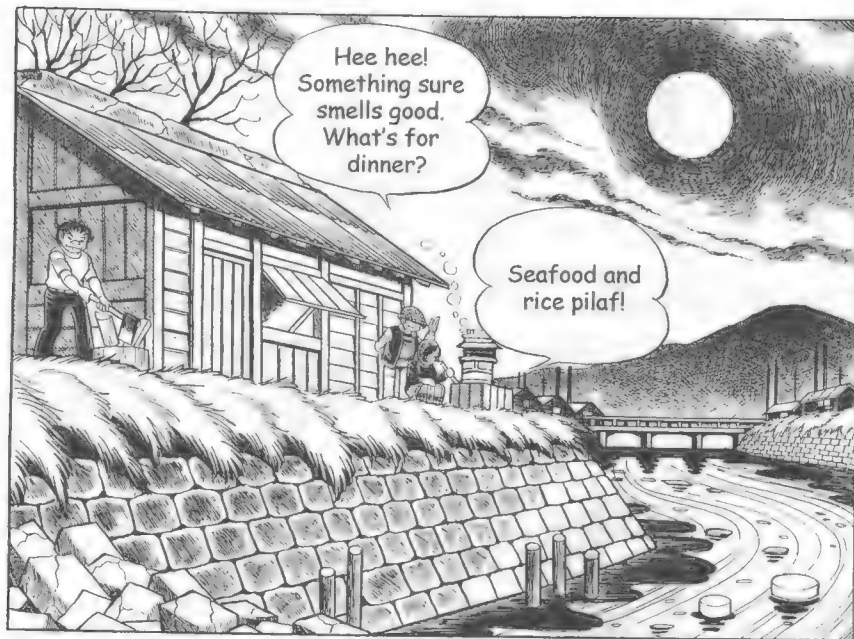


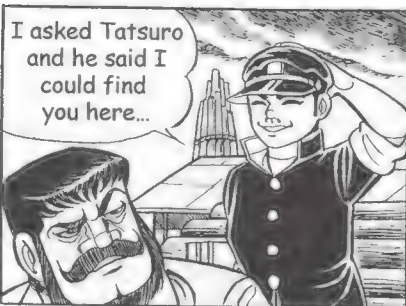
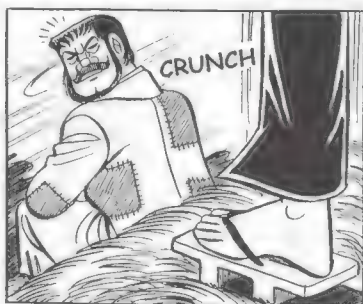
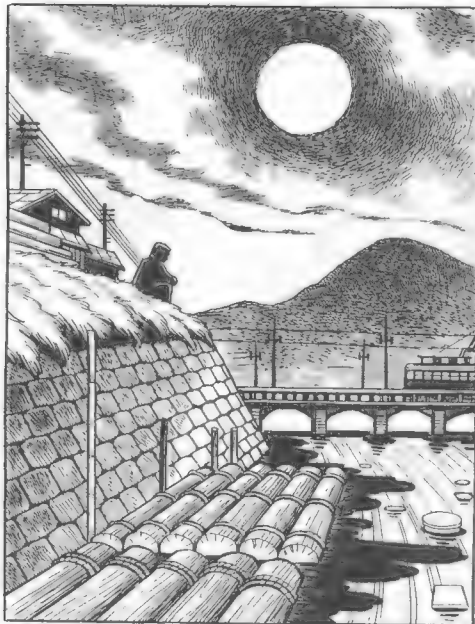
You hear me? You've
still got long lives
ahead of you! You've
got lots of things to
do! Nitwits!
Numbskulls!

I-I'm sorry, Gen.
I can't help
worrying that I
could get sick
from the A-bomb
any time...

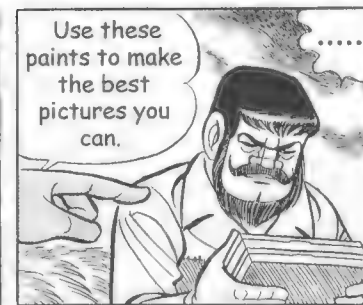


Nitwits...
Numb-
skulls...





Oil paints





I never should have become a painter...

Wh-why not?

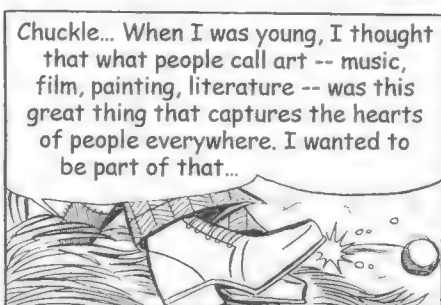


I painted pictures that nobody wanted to buy, so I was always poor.

I don't have any talent...



That's not true. I thought your paintings were real good! Paintings that sell aren't necessarily the best ones.



Chuckle... When I was young, I thought that what people call art -- music, film, painting, literature -- was this great thing that captures the hearts of people everywhere. I wanted to be part of that...

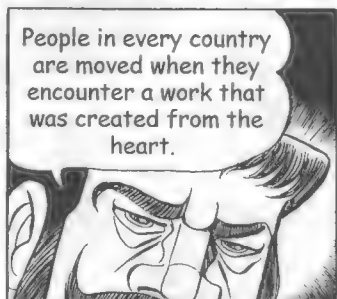


Art has no borders. I put everything I had into my paintings in hopes of touching hearts all over the world. But it was all a waste of time...



Art has no borders...

That's a good way to put it...



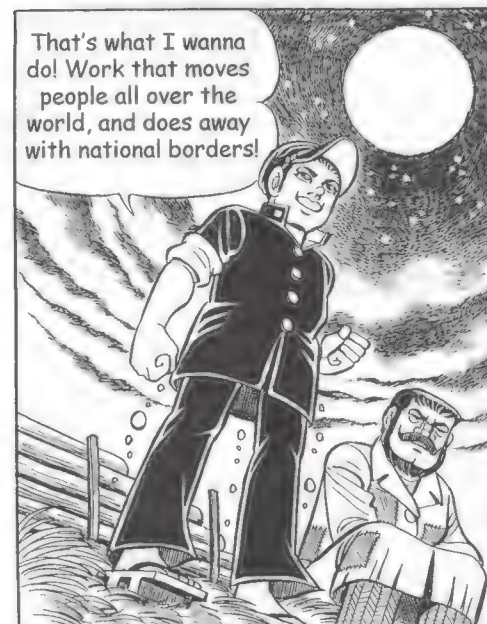
People in every country are moved when they encounter a work that was created from the heart.



Art has no borders.



Art has no borders...

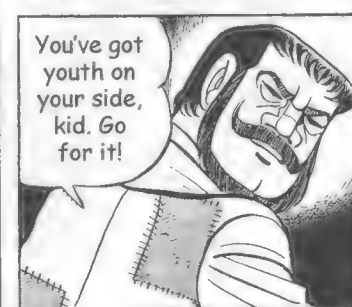


That's what I wanna do! Work that moves people all over the world, and does away with national borders!

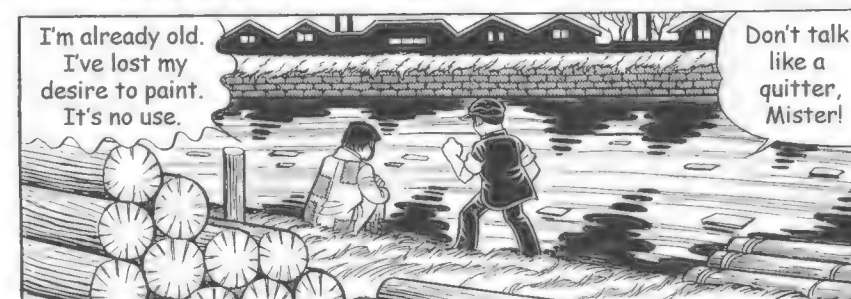


Maybe I should be a painter, huh.

I like making pictures...



You've got youth on your side, kid. Go for it!



I'm already old. I've lost my desire to paint. It's no use.

Don't talk like a quitter, Mister!



Do me a favor, then,
and compete with me!
Teach me about
painting!



C'mon, Mister.
Cheer up!

.....



Art has
no borders...

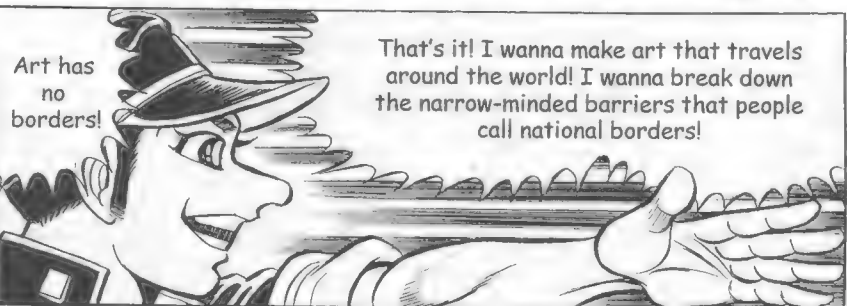
Art has
no borders...



I like
those
words!

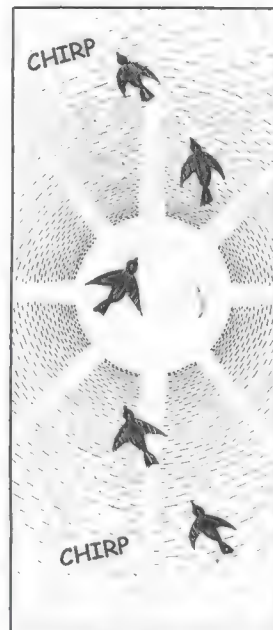


I feel like I've
found my path...



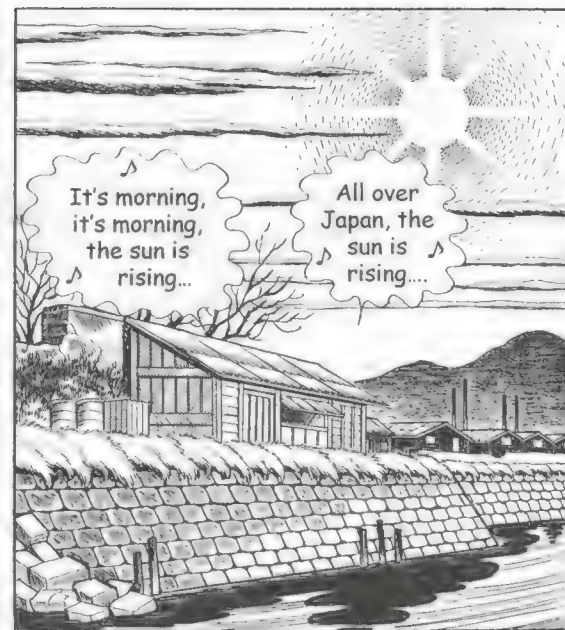
Art has
no
borders!

That's it! I wanna make art that travels
around the world! I wanna break down
the narrow-minded barriers that people
call national borders!



CHIRP

CHIRP



It's morning,
it's morning,
the sun is
rising...

All over
Japan, the
sun is
rising....



Aah,
I'm
stuffed!

Hey Musubi, let's
set up shop in
Matoba-cho
today.

Sounds
good!



We've gotta
hurry up and
open our own
dress shop
soon....



Hey, Musubi, as Chief
of the Accounting
Department, tell me,
do we have enough in
our building fund to
open a shop yet?

Well, Chairman Ryuta,
sir, based on the
estimate I got from
a carpenter, we're
still a little short.

We've got to work
harder, sir. A
monkey's butt
is red, sir...



Verily, and hairily so!

Monkeys and money, both hard to grab onto...



Madame Katsuko, you keep up the good work on those fine dresses you make.

We'll do our part by selling 'em for the highest prices we can charge!

Aye aye, Chairman!



HEH HEH HEH



What's with the spooky laugh, Gen?



Giggle...

Is something making you especially happy?



Art has no borders!

Urk!



Wh-what was that?

Ryuta, I'm gonna be a painter who touches the souls of people all over the world.



Looking at my paintings will bring peace to the whole world. You'll see.

That sounds kinda unlikely...



It's entirely likely! Art has no borders!



Ha ha ha! I'm gonna do it! I'm gonna do it!

Poor guy! He's gone off the deep end.



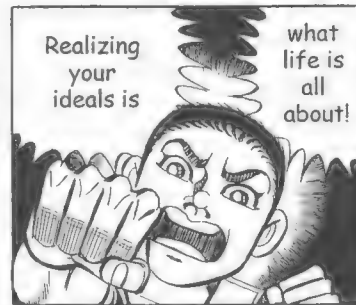
Please, Gen, get a grip.

You shouldn't talk so big.



You dunce! Who's talking big? Everybody should try to live by his ideals!

I'm serious about this!



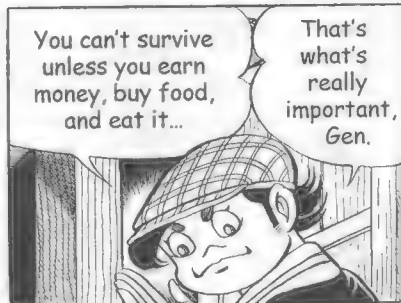
Realizing your ideals is

what life is all about!



Okay, okay.

He's really acting weird. I wonder if he ate something bad yesterday...





How about it, now? How about it?



Sorry, no touching, no touching. The merchandise will get dirty.

Ahem! To promote the start of our sale today, we're making a special offer: the first ten customers can buy a dress for just 1,000 yen.

Step right up! 1,000 yen! 1,000 yen! First come, first served!



Isn't this a great design, lady? Don't fall so in love with it that you wet your pants!

It looks quite modern.



Doesn't it? It was made by Cacco, the world's top designer. Have you heard about her?

No, I haven't.



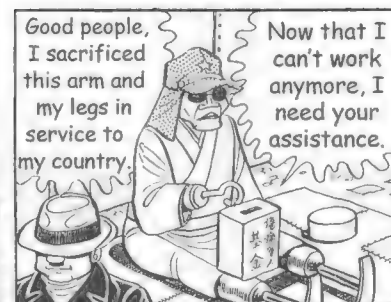
Boy, you're really out of the loop, lady. If you haven't heard of the world-famous Cacco, you're not qualified to wear Western-style clothes. Go ahead and buy this dress! Your husband will be so shocked he'll go straight to Heaven!



Geez...

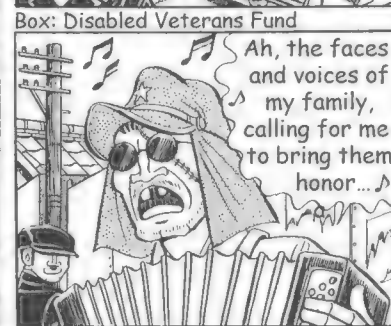


Oh, the sun sets red, here in Manchuria... far, far from hooooome...



Good people, I sacrificed this arm and my legs in service to my country.

Now that I can't work anymore, I need your assistance.



Box: Disabled Veterans Fund

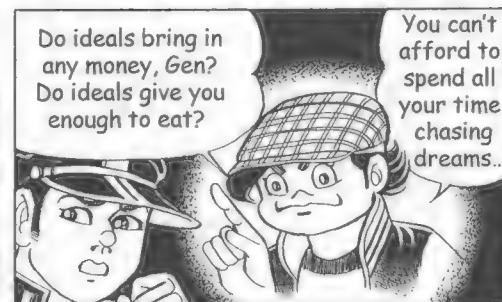
Ah, the faces and voices of my family, calling for me to bring them honor...



The war left us like this. Please help!



What Ryuta said was really cold...



Do ideals bring in any money, Gen? Do ideals give you enough to eat?

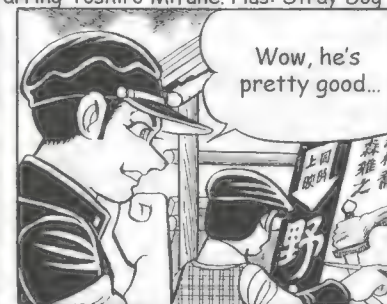
You can't afford to spend all your time chasing dreams...

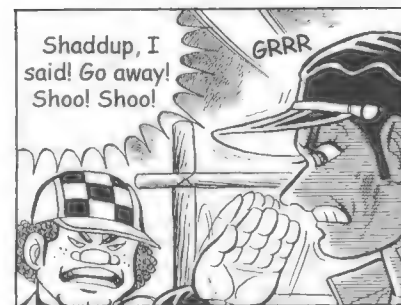
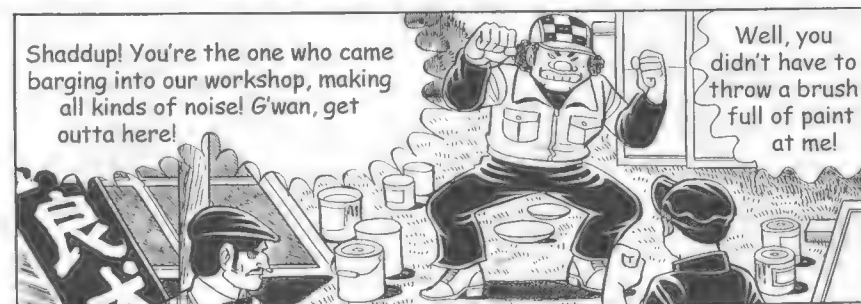
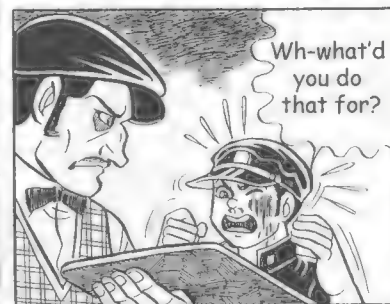


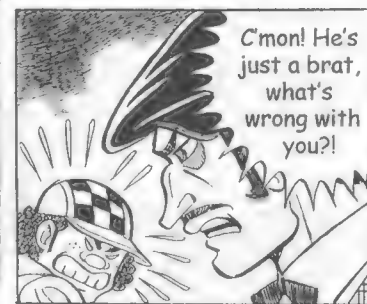
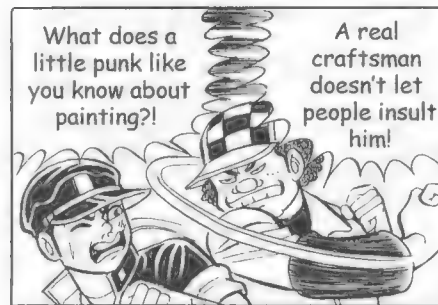
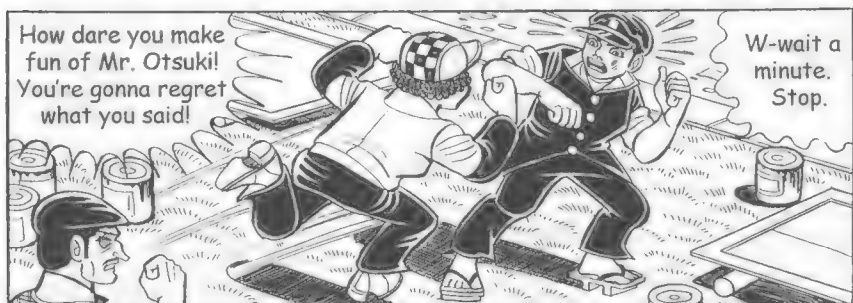
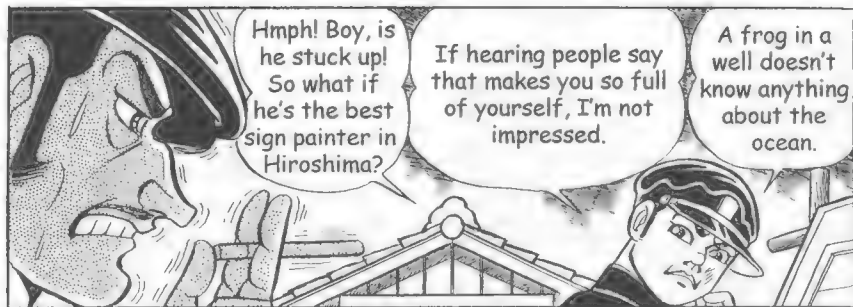
Sign: Mitsuba now hiring; test site for temporary positions

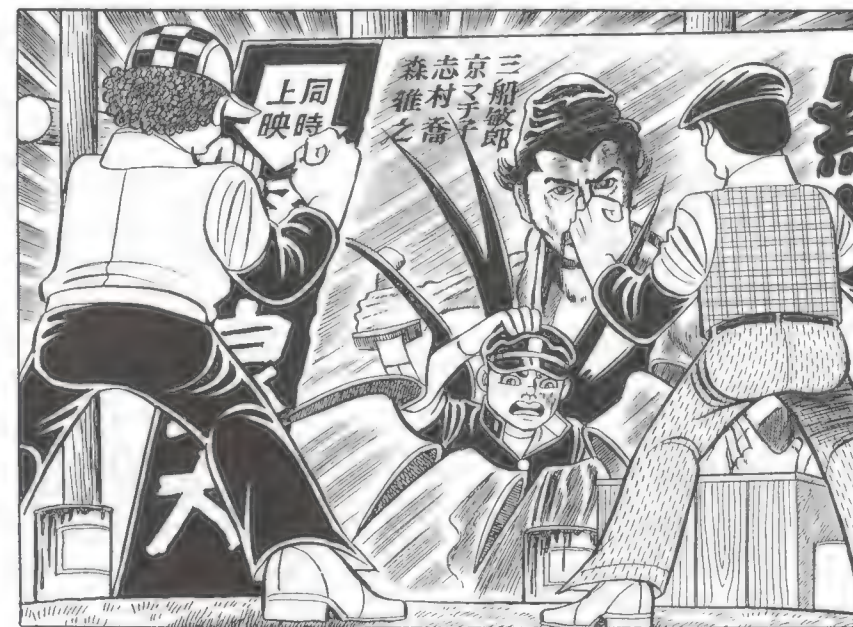
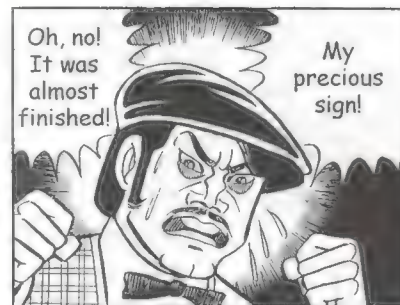
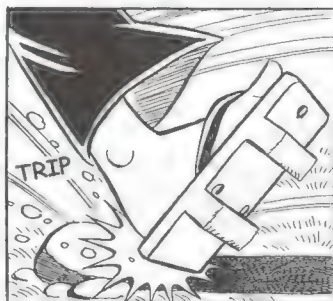
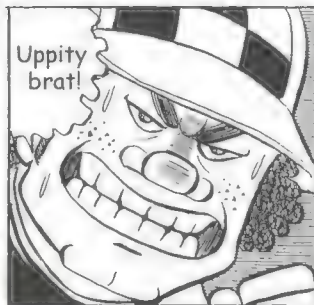


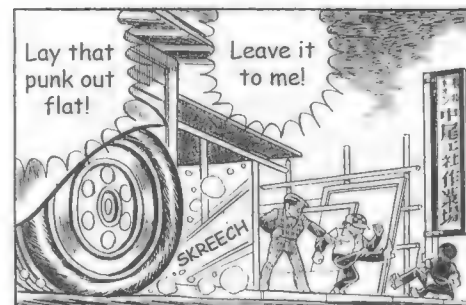
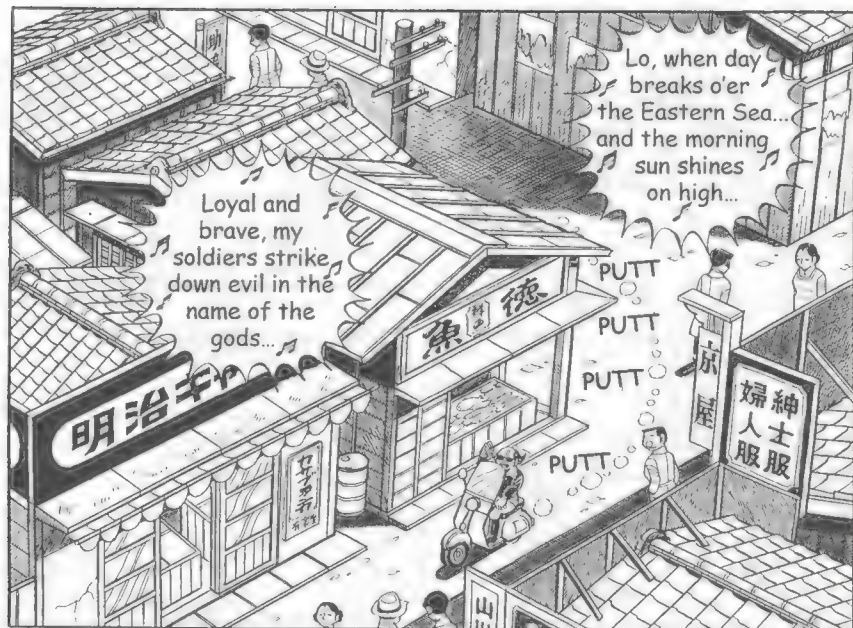
Poster: Kurosawa Double Feature! Rashomon starring Toshiro Mifune. Plus: Stray Dog





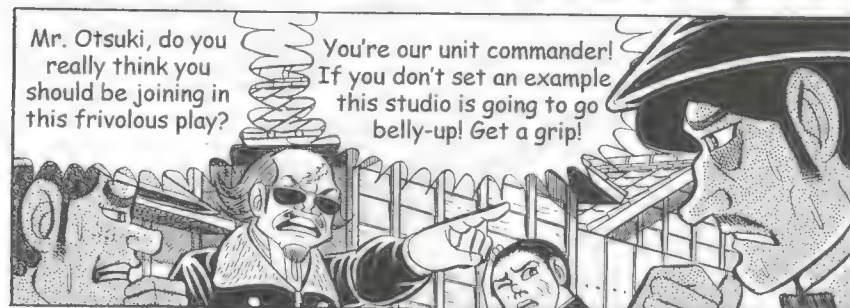
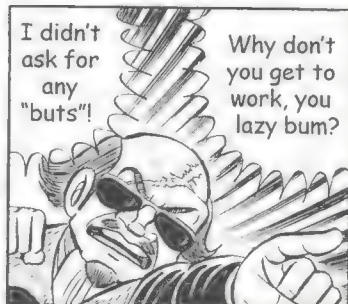
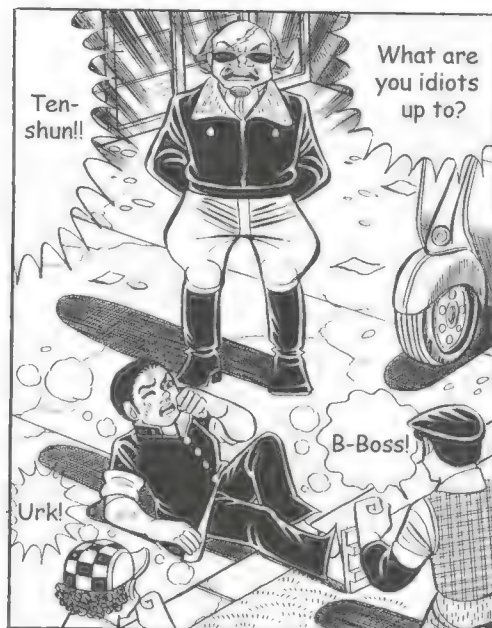




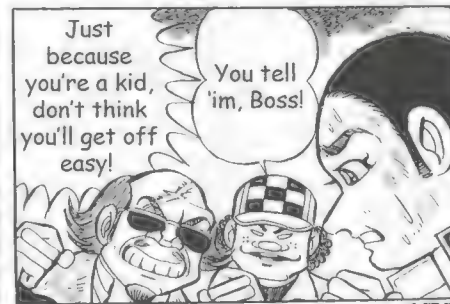


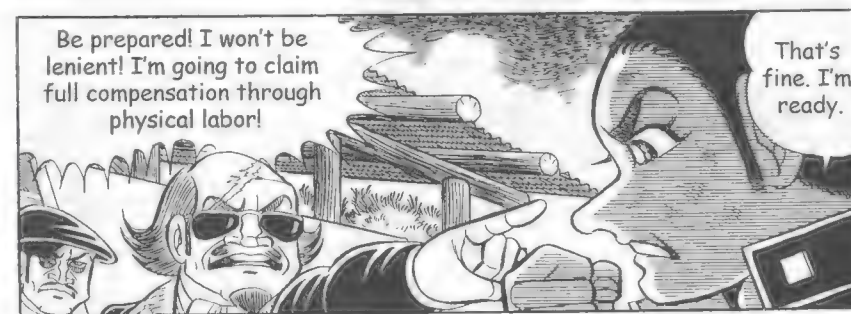
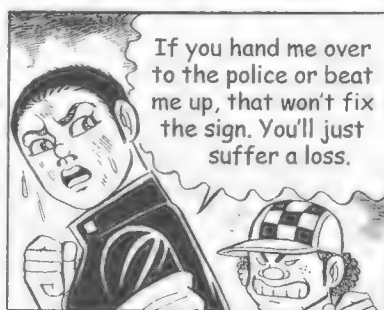
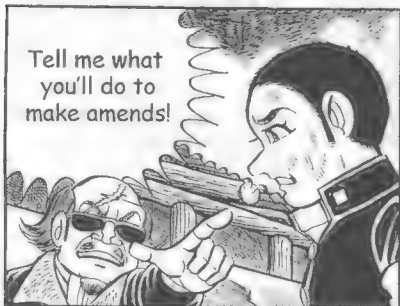
Sign: Nakao's Sign Studio

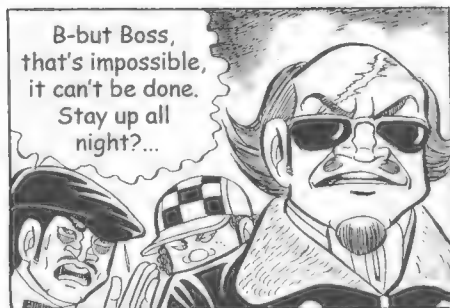




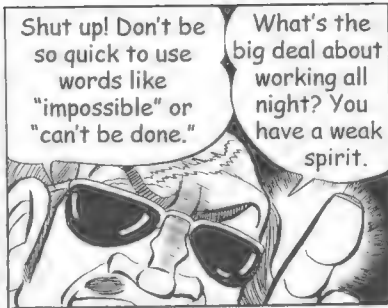
Poster: Kurosawa Double Feature! Rashomon starring Toshiro Mifune. Plus: Stray Dog







B-but Boss, that's impossible, it can't be done. Stay up all night?...



Shut up! Don't be so quick to use words like "impossible" or "can't be done."

What's the big deal about working all night? You have a weak spirit.



I fought to the death in the jungles of Malaya, where there were just two options, live or die! Don't talk back to Juzo Nakao, sergeant of the Imperial Japanese Army!

It's an insult to the memory of the soldiers who fought and died for our country!

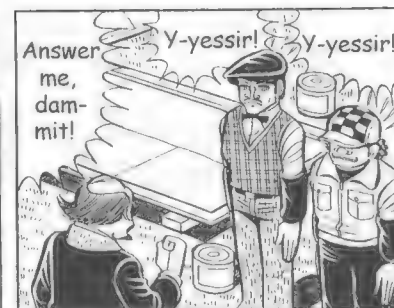


Japan didn't lose to the likes of America and England just because they dropped a couple of atomic bombs on us.

Japan lost because of weak-kneed Japanese like you. You should be ashamed of yourself!



Next time you say "impossible" or "can't be done," you'll be fired. Is that clear?



Answer me, dammit!

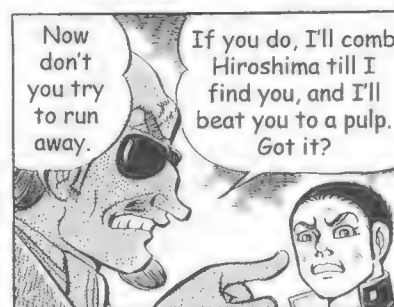
Y-yessir! Y-yessir!



Ten-shun! Start the operation at once!

Yessir!

Yessir!

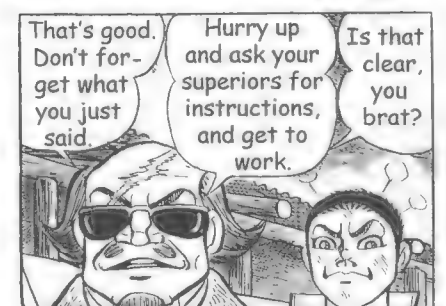


Now don't you try to run away.

If you do, I'll comb Hiroshima till I find you, and I'll beat you to a pulp. Got it?



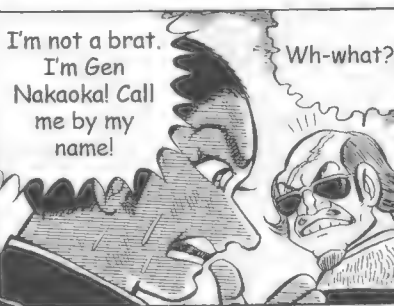
I'm not going to run! I always keep my promises!



That's good. Don't forget what you just said.

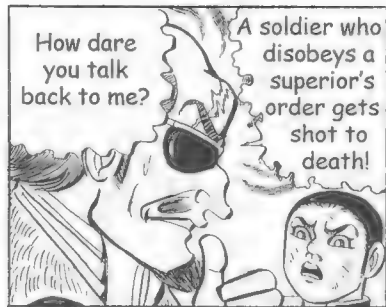
Hurry up and ask your superiors for instructions, and get to work.

Is that clear, you brat?



I'm not a brat. I'm Gen Nakaoka! Call me by my name!

Wh-what?!



How dare you talk back to me?

A soldier who disobeys a superior's order gets shot to death!



Ungk!

SMASH

You moron!



If you ever disobey my orders again, I'll make sure you regret it! Is that clear?



PTOOEY



D-damn! I never saw such a militaristic old fart!

He's stuffed to the gills with that army crap...

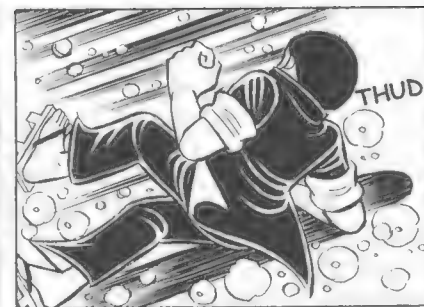


Ah, the faces and voices of my family, calling for me to bring them honor... as they wave their flags in farewell...



BASH

Ack!



THUD



Wh-what was that for?

Shut up! Thanks to you we're in a real bind!



Don't think we'll just let you off the hook!



Urk!

SPLASH



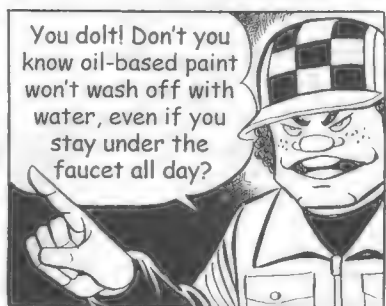
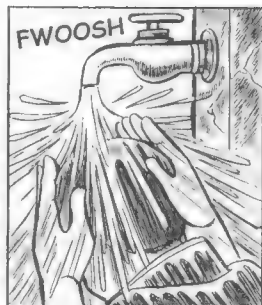
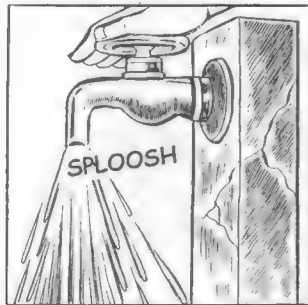
Now I'm really gonna teach you a lesson.

W-why you...



D-dammit! I've gotta grit my teeth and get through this.

It's my own fault.

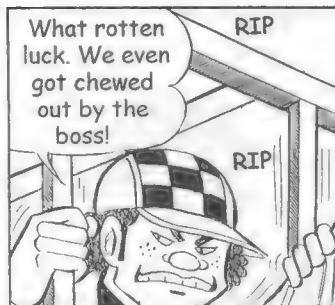


Sh-shit! Why didn't you tell me sooner?

Quit dawdling! We need to mount a new cloth on the sign frame!



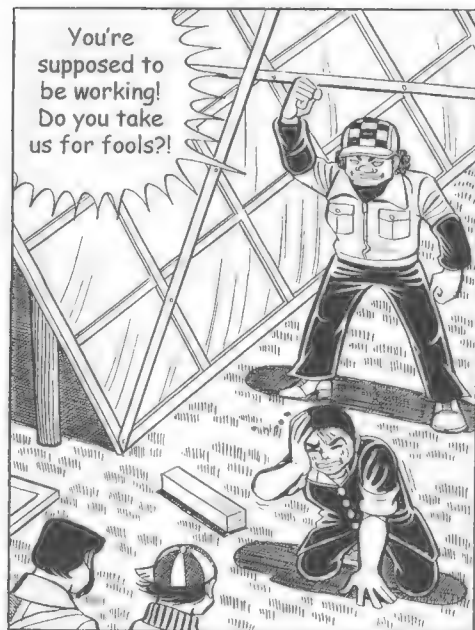
You got that right, Mr. Otsuki.



Oww!





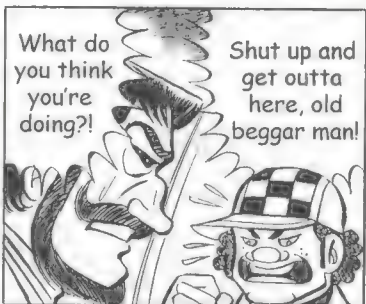


You're supposed to be working! Do you take us for fools?!



Gen! Are you okay?

Groan...



What do you think you're doing?!

Shut up and get outta here, old beggar man!



We've got good reasons to be mad at this punk.

He has no right to complain no matter what we do to him...



What on earth happened, Gen?...

Unnh...



Urk!



Oh, so now you're threatening us, are you?



Well all right, then! Come on, if you dare!



We've had enough of you making fools of us!



It's because you wrecked our sign that we have to work all night to make a new one!

And now, on top of all the trouble you've caused, you're picking a fight with us? Fine, we'll straighten you out good!



Really, you oughta be kowtowing to us and apologizing, you know!

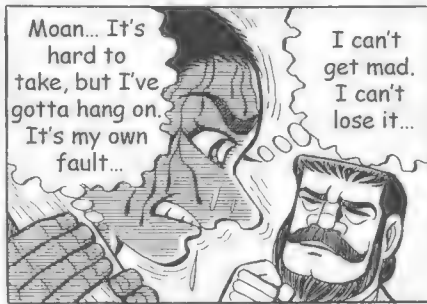


Don't let him off easy, Kurosaki.

Leave him to me, Mr. Otsuki!

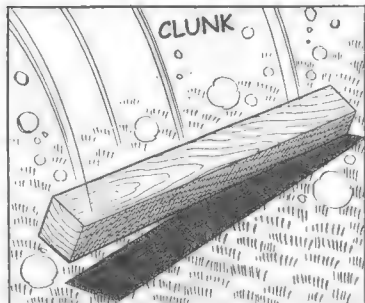


So is that what's going on, Gen?...



Moan... It's hard to take, but I've gotta hang on. It's my own fault...

I can't get mad. I can't lose it...



CLUNK



I-I'm sorry... I lost my temper... Please forgive me...

It's a bit late for an apology, you moron!

We can't forgive you just like that!



When a man picks a fight, he should do it like he means it!

Oof!



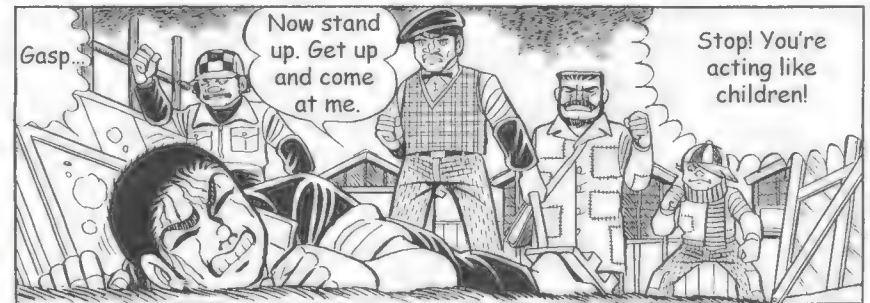
What's wrong, punk? Huh?

BASH



WHAM

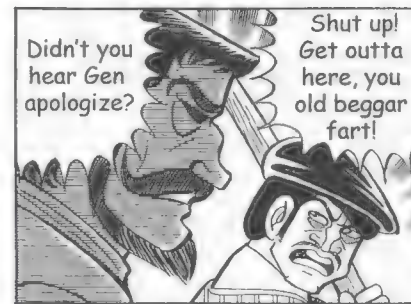
You cursed brat!



Gasp...

Now stand up. Get up and come at me.

Stop! You're acting like children!



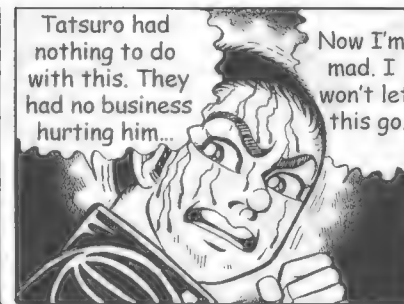
Didn't you hear Gen apologize?

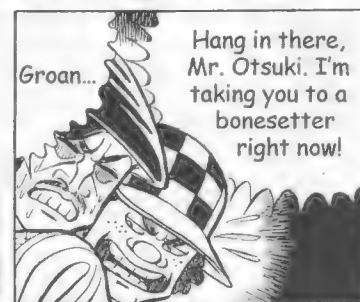
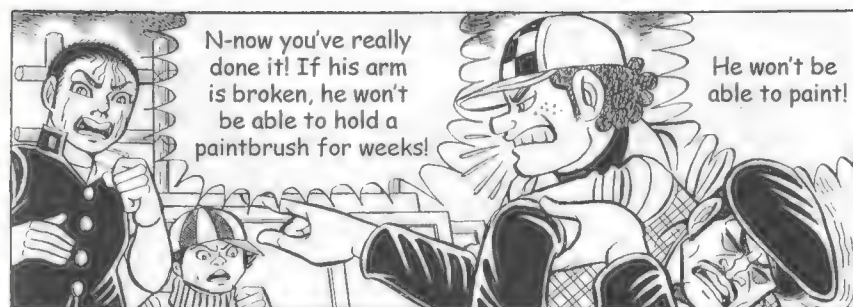
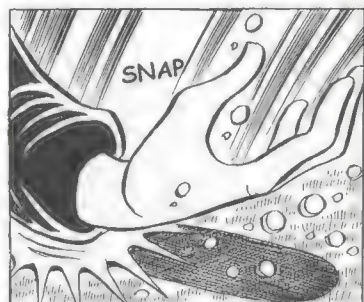
Shut up! Get outta here, you old beggar fart!



Hey! Come on! Stand up and fight, you damn brat!

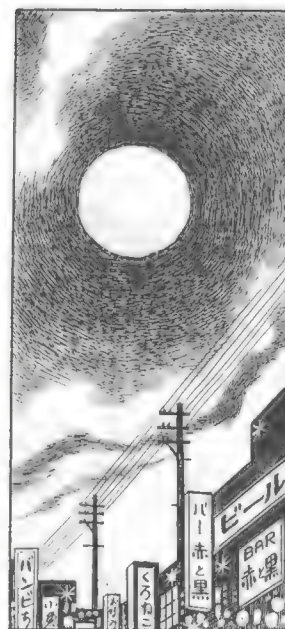
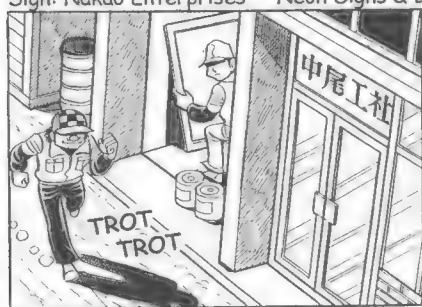
Groan...

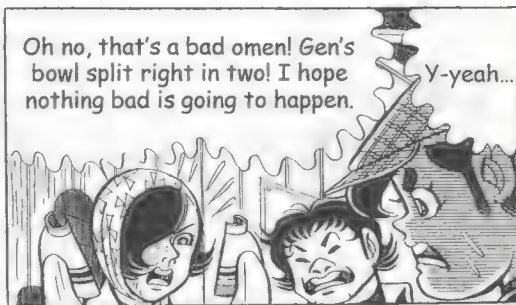




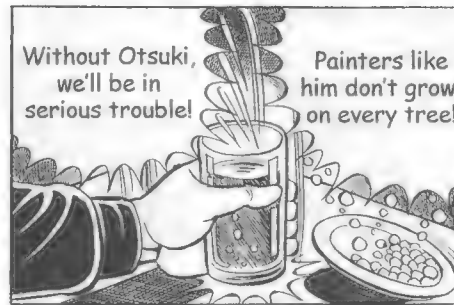
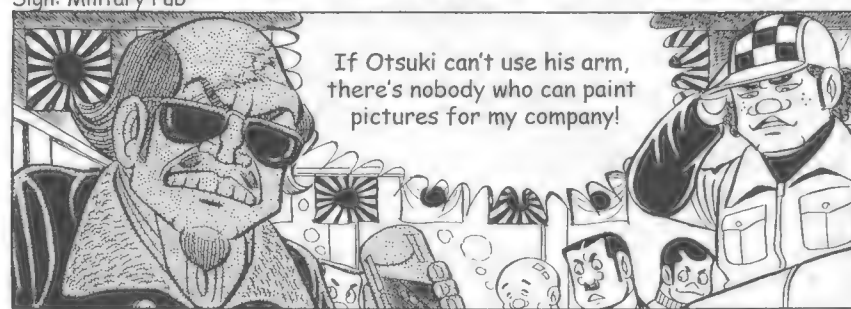


Sign: Nakao Enterprises -- Neon Signs & Billboards





Sign: Military Pub





Grrr... I'm gonna make him pay... I'm really gonna make him pay...



I'm gonna blow that brat away!



You were right there and just stood and watched?!

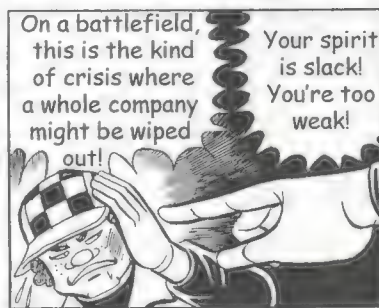
It-it happened so fast...



Urk!

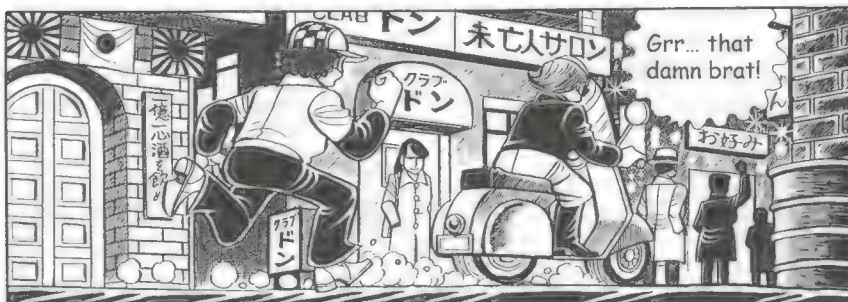
BOP

You idiot! Don't make excuses!



On a battlefield, this is the kind of crisis where a whole company might be wiped out!

Your spirit is slack! You're too weak!

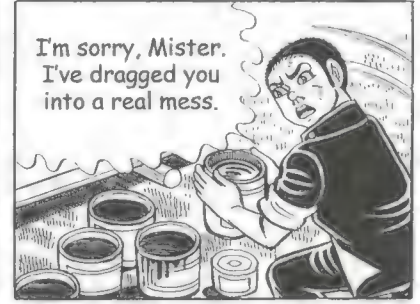


Grr... that damn brat!



Give me some blue, Gen.

Coming up!



I'm sorry, Mister. I've dragged you into a real mess.

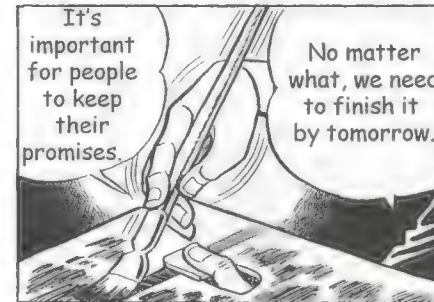


Don't worry about it, Gen.

I'll take the place of the artist who broke his arm.



Anyway, the sign is promised for tomorrow, right?

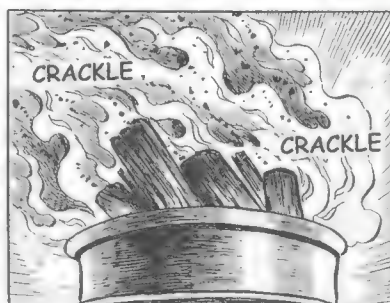
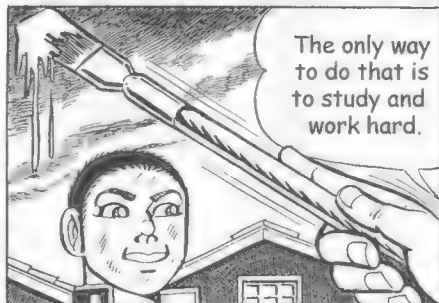
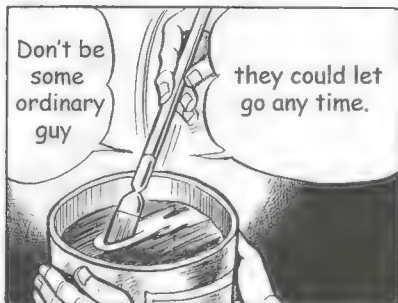


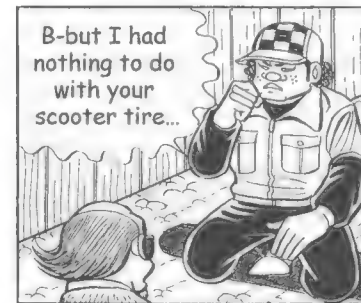
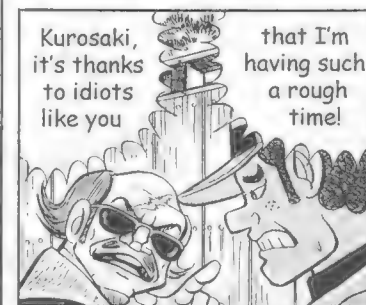
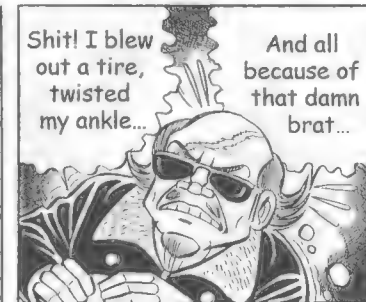
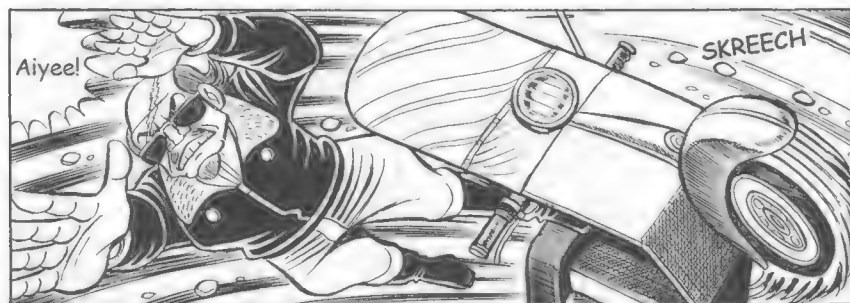
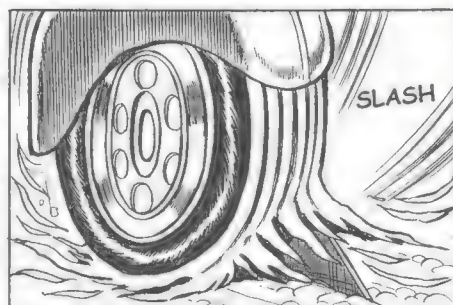
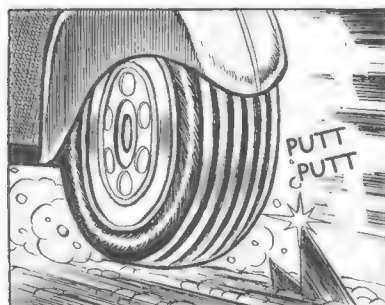
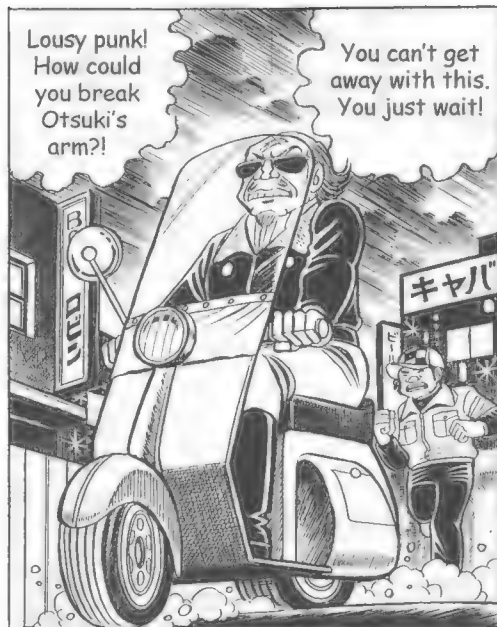
It's important for people to keep their promises.

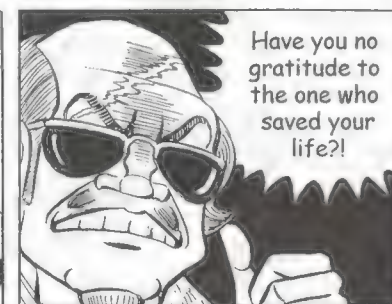
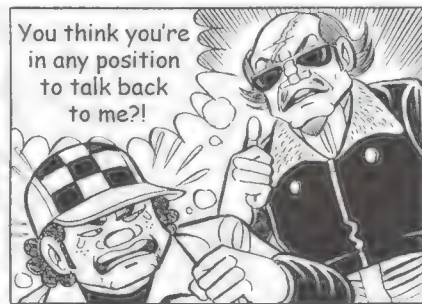
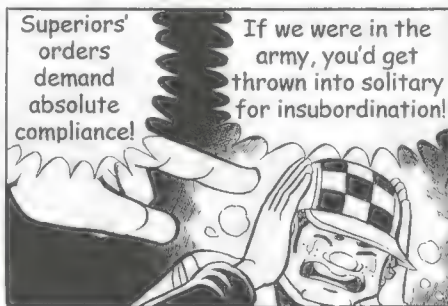
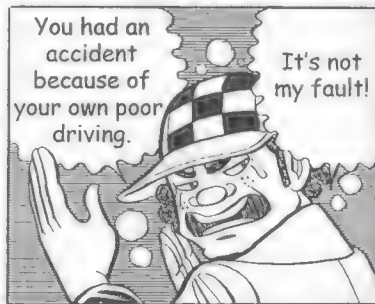
No matter what, we need to finish it by tomorrow.

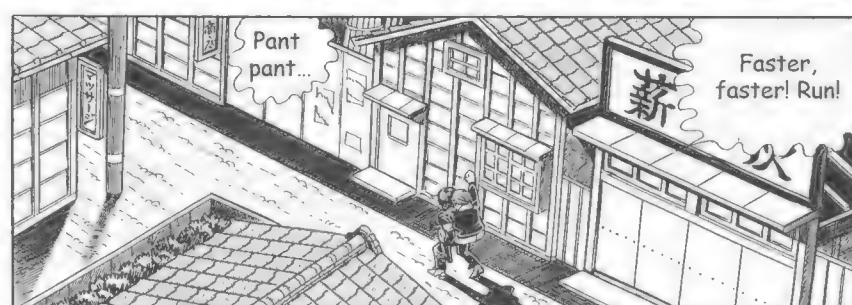
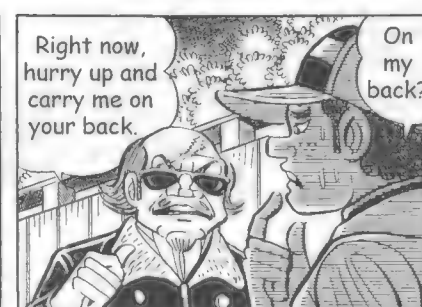
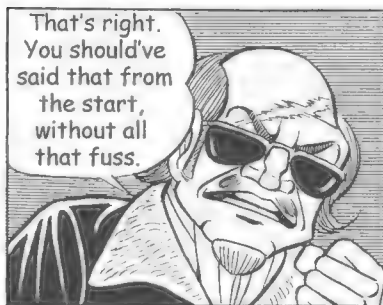


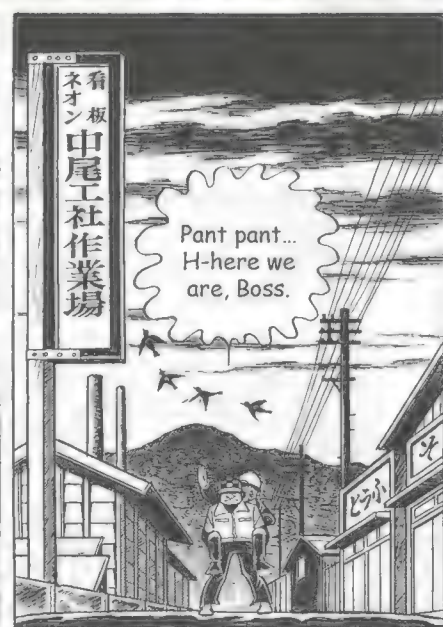
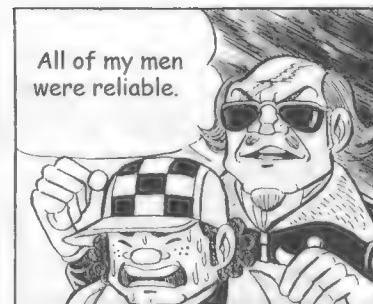
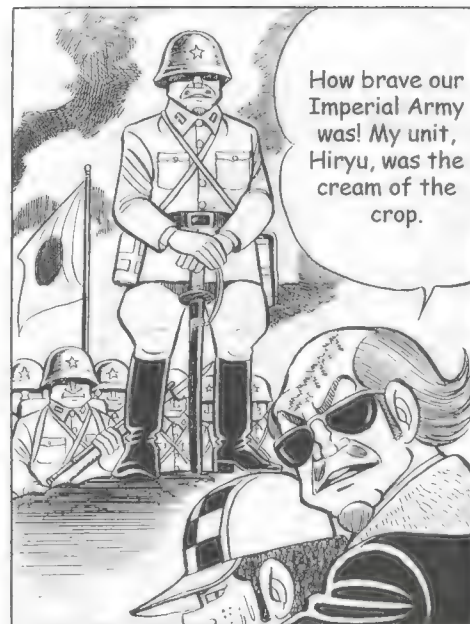
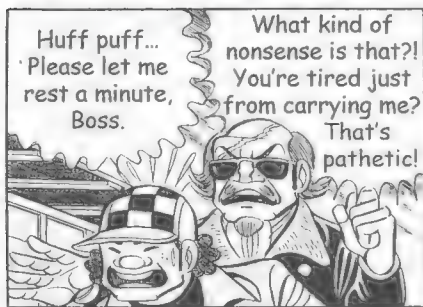
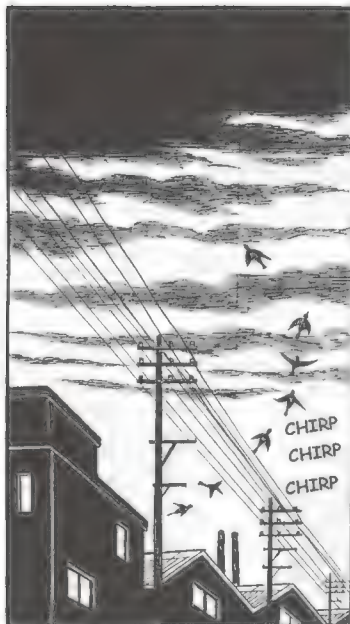
Th-thank you, Mister. You really saved me...

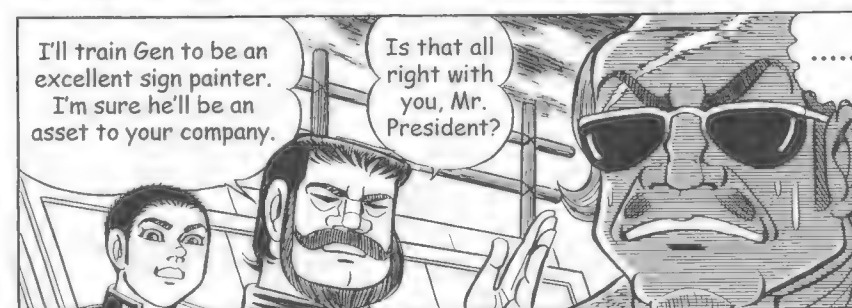
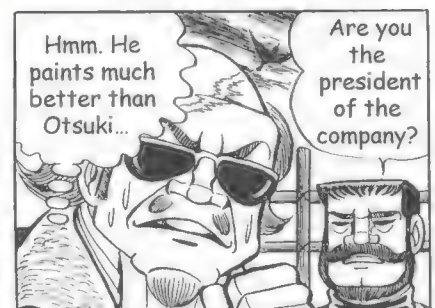


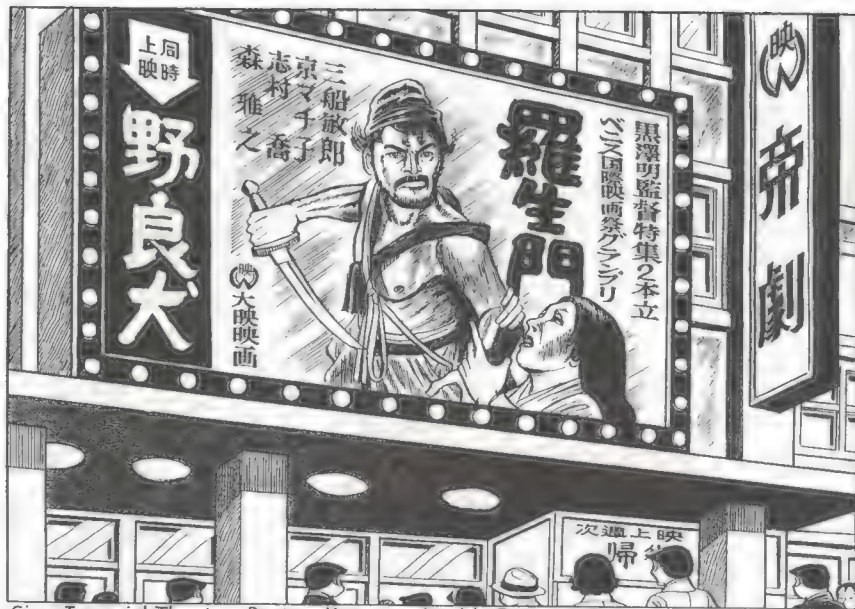




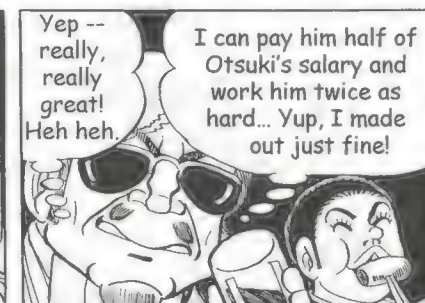
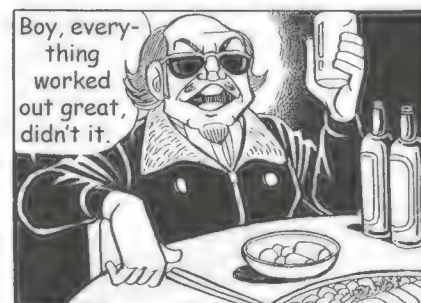
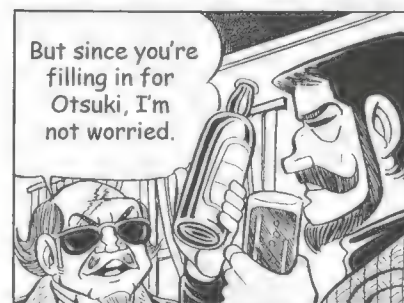


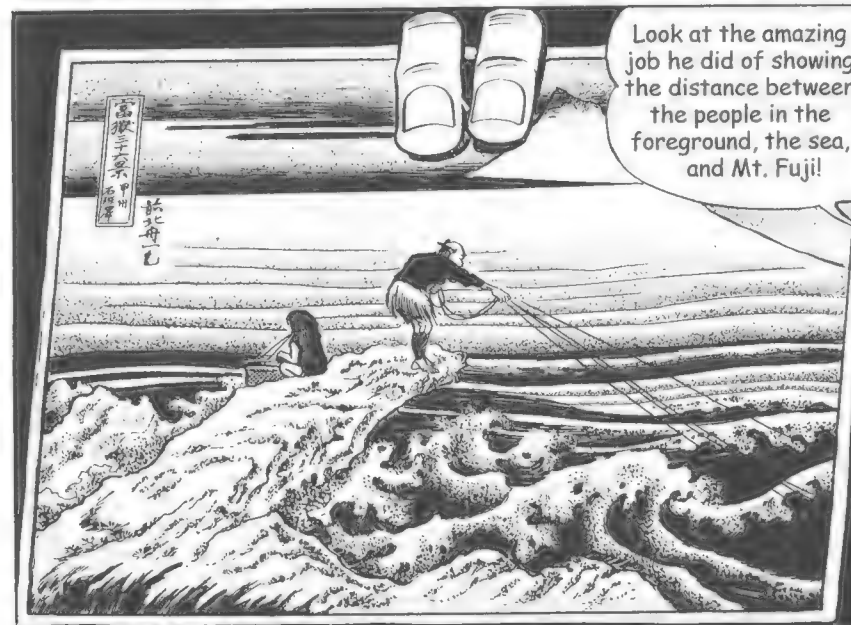
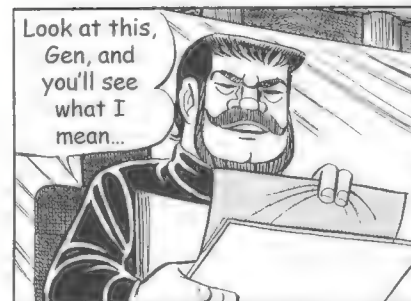
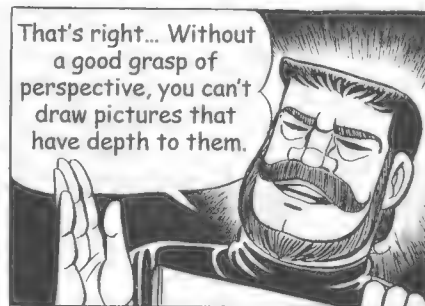
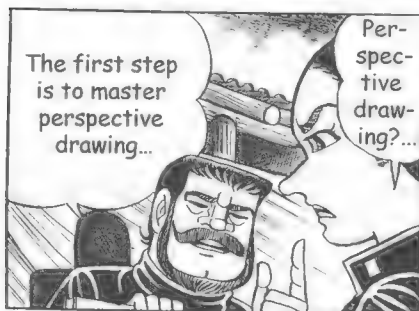
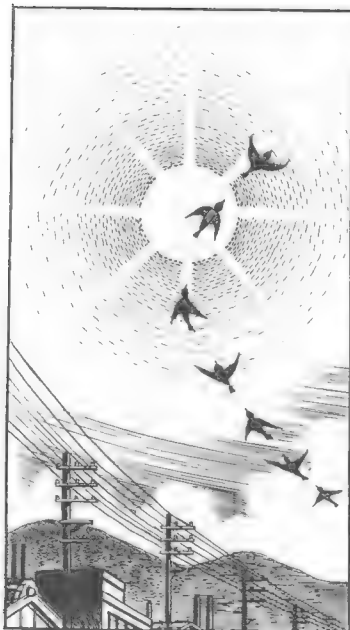






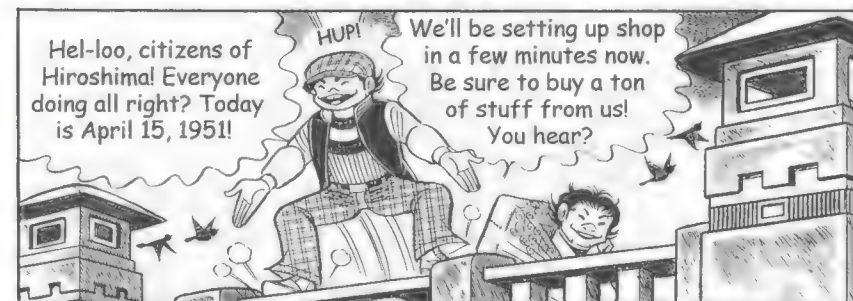
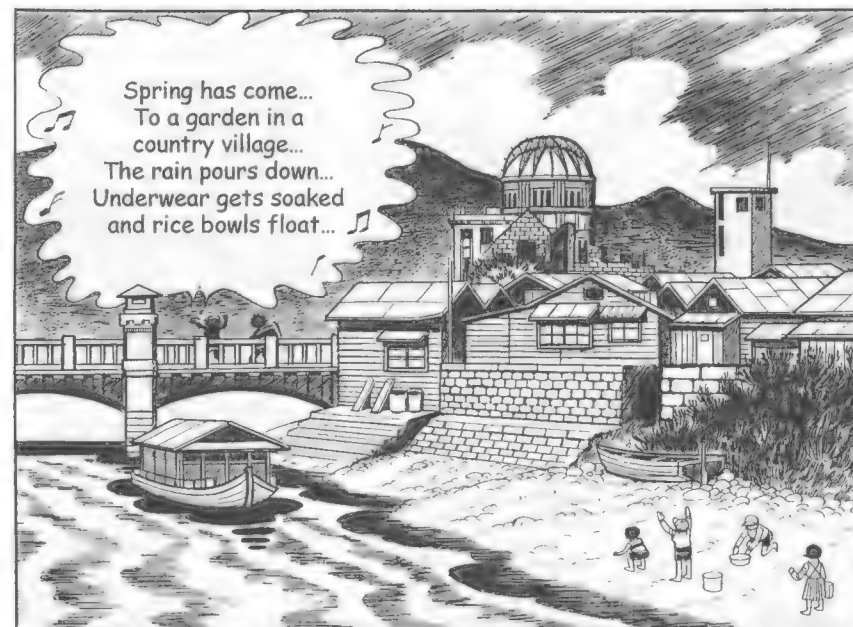
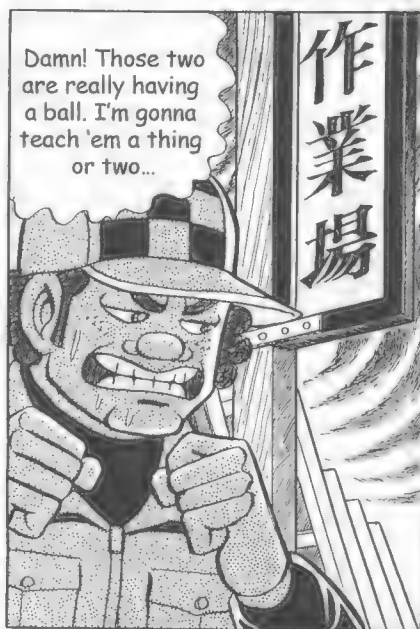
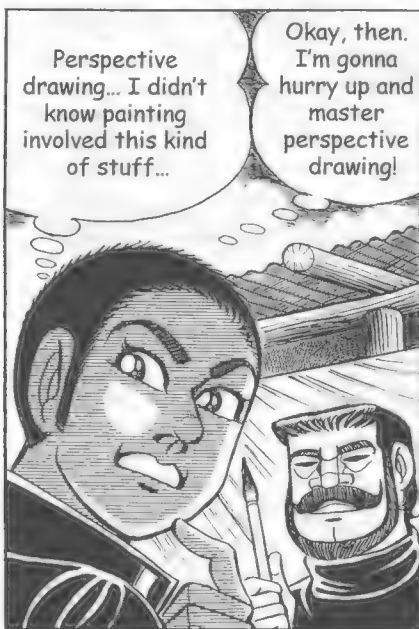
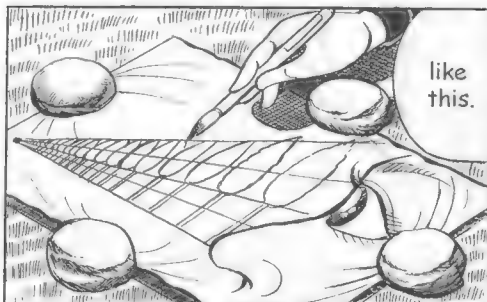
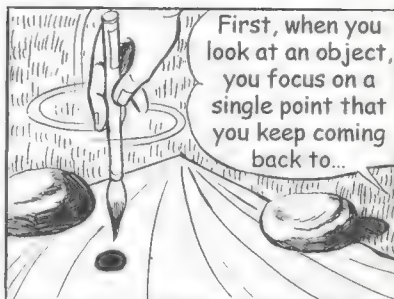
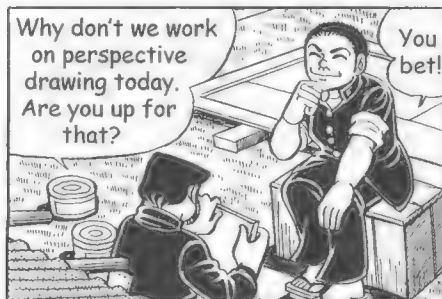
Sign: Imperial Theater; Poster: Kurosawa Double Feature! Grand Prix Winner at the Venice Film Festival! Rashomon starring Toshiro Mifune. Plus: Stray Dog





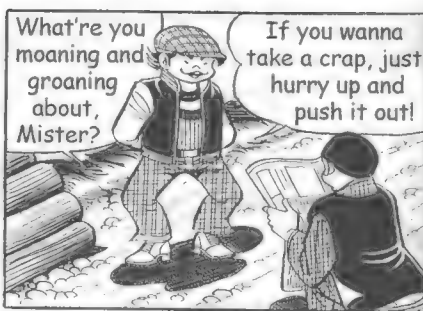
Print title: 36 Views of Mt. Fuji -- Koshu Kajikazawa





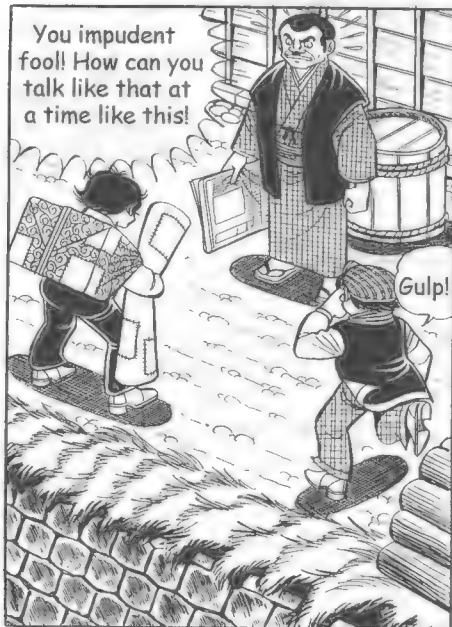


Oh no...
Groan...



What're you
moaning and
groaning
about,
Mister?

If you wanna
take a crap, just
hurry up and
push it out!



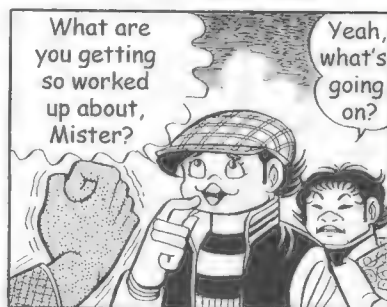
You impudent
fool! How can you
talk like that at
a time like this!

Gulp!



Japan is now
at a critical
crossroads!

This is a
national emer-
gency!



What are
you getting
so worked
up about,
Mister?

Yeah,
what's
going
on?



Read this
newspaper.



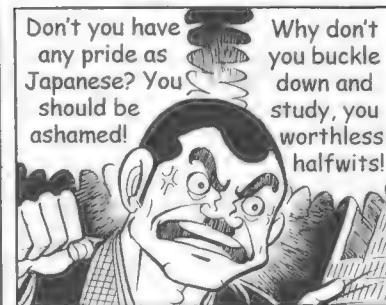
Read
it, and
you'll
under-
stand!

Ha ha ha! I can't
read. Why doncha
read it to me,
Mister.



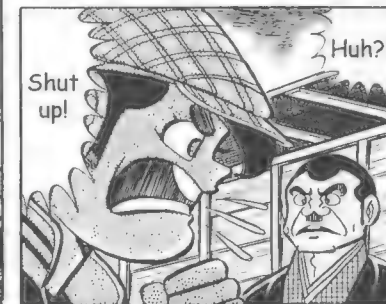
You boys
can't read?!
That's
pathetic!

I guess you're
the type of numb-
skulls who skip
school and play
around, eh?!



Don't you have
any pride as
Japanese? You
should be
ashamed!

Why don't
you buckle
down and
study, you
worthless
halfwits!

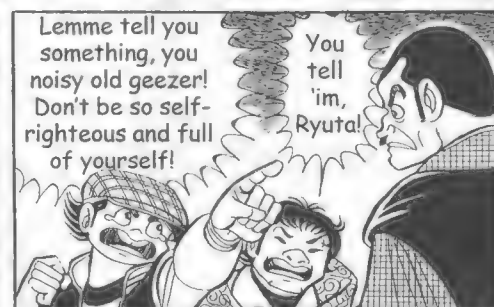


Shut
up!

Huh?!

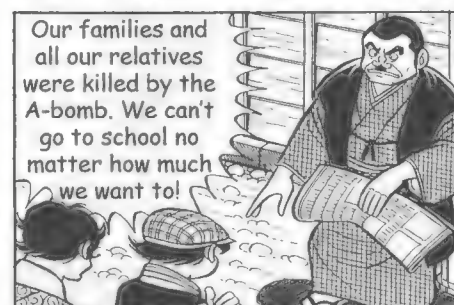


H-how dare
you talk
like that?!

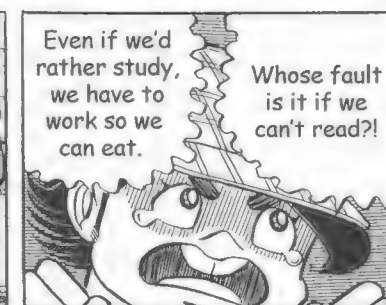


Lemme tell you
something, you
noisy old geezer!
Don't be so self-
righteous and full
of yourself!

You
tell
'im,
Ryuta!

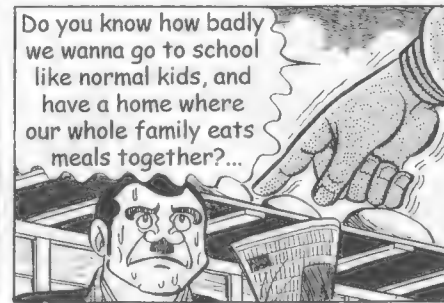
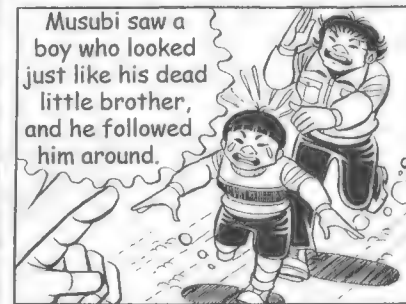
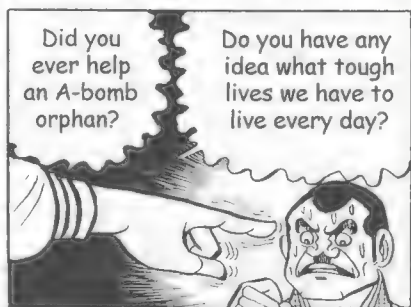
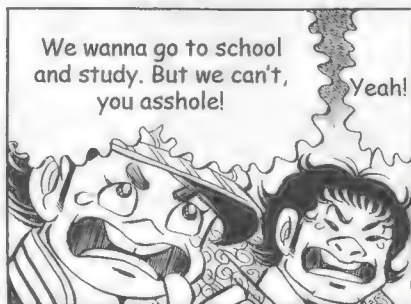
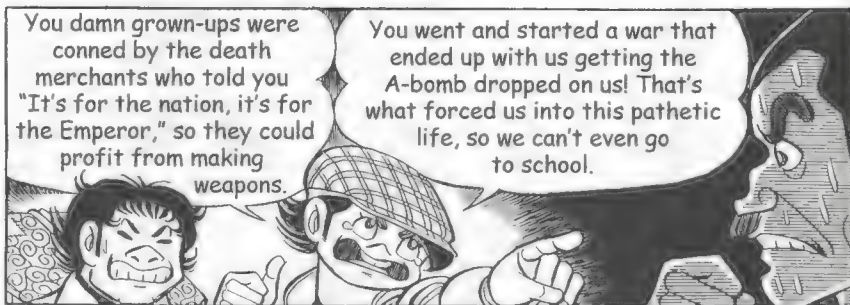


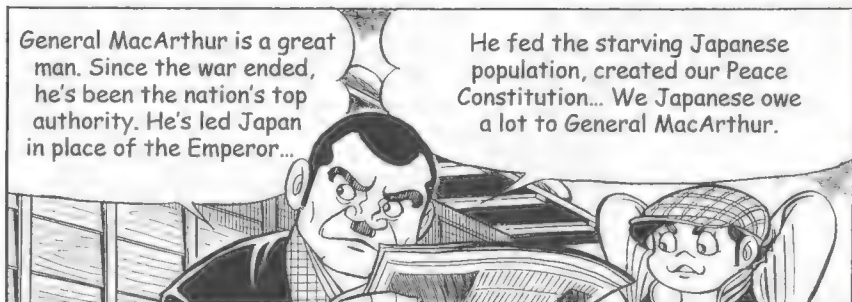
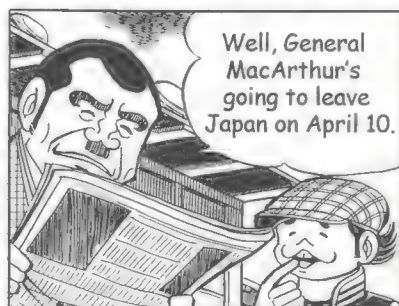
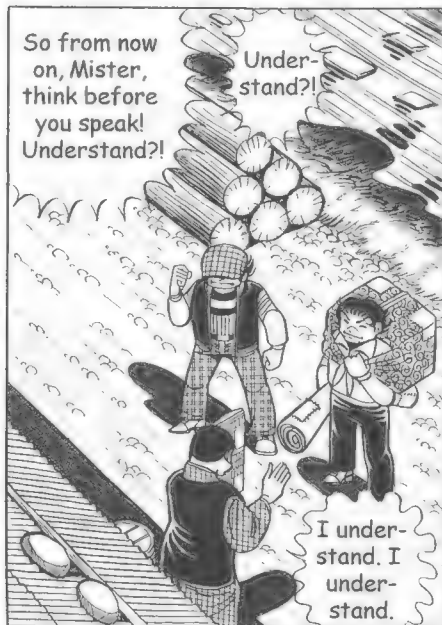
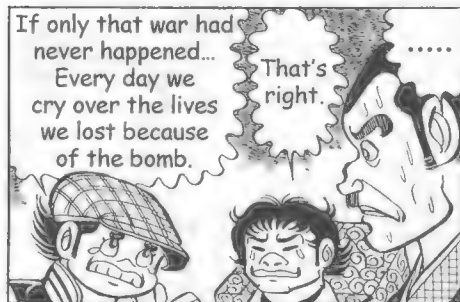
Our families and
all our relatives
were killed by the
A-bomb. We can't
go to school no
matter how much
we want to!



Even if we'd
rather study,
we have to
work so we
can eat.

Whose fault
is it if we
can't read?!

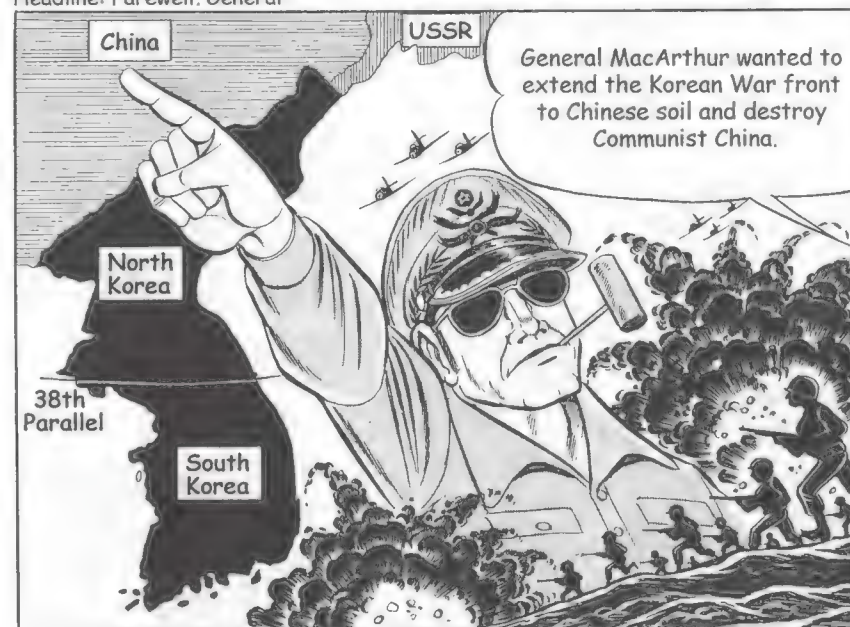
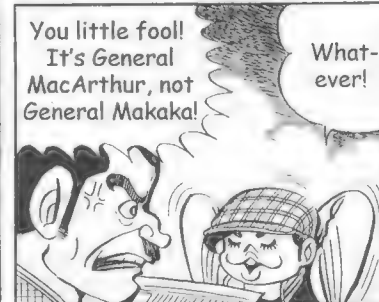


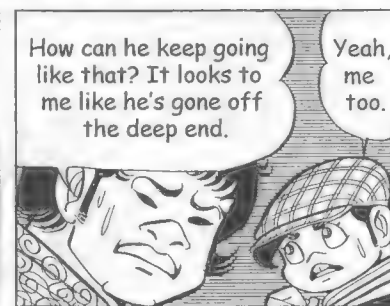
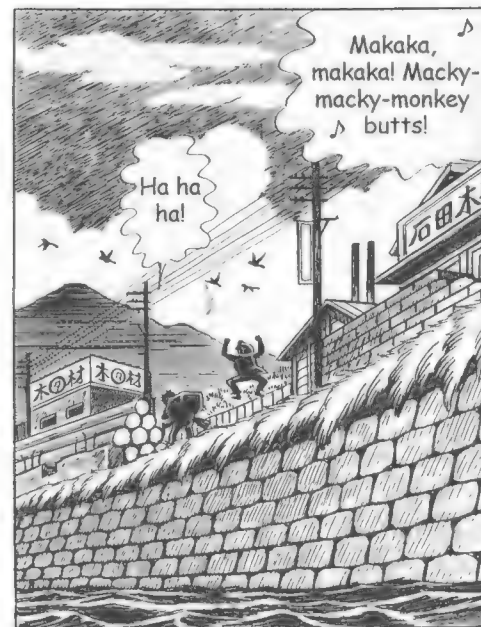
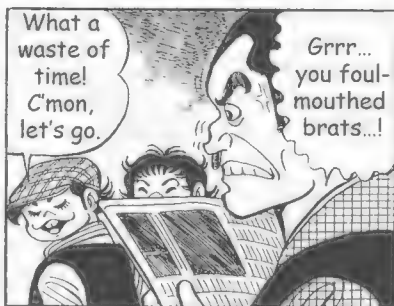
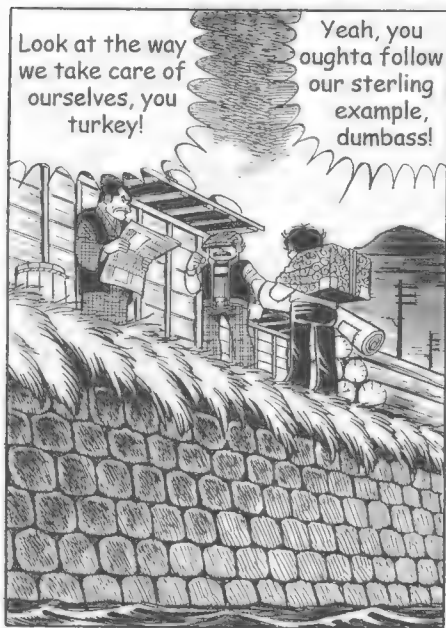


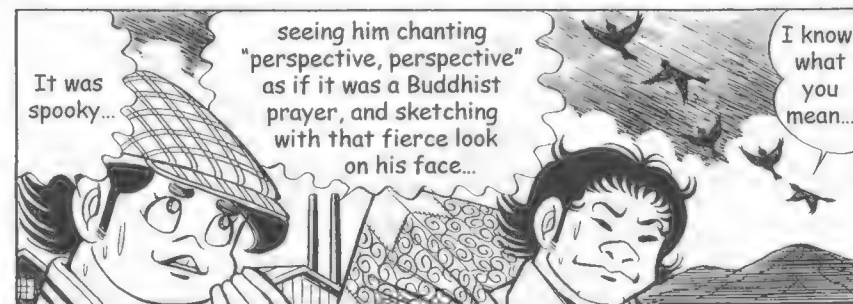
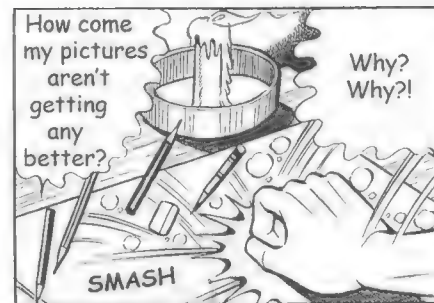
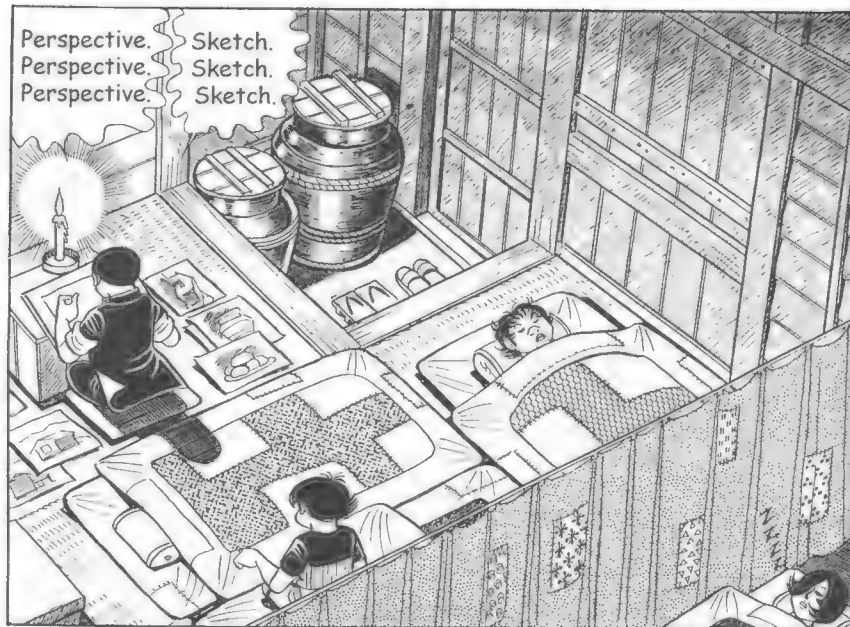
He fed the starving Japanese population, created our Peace Constitution... We Japanese owe a lot to General MacArthur.

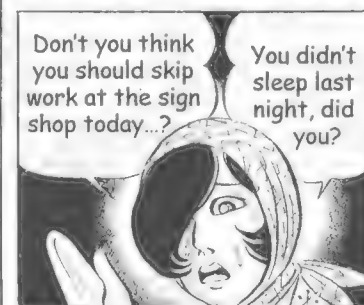


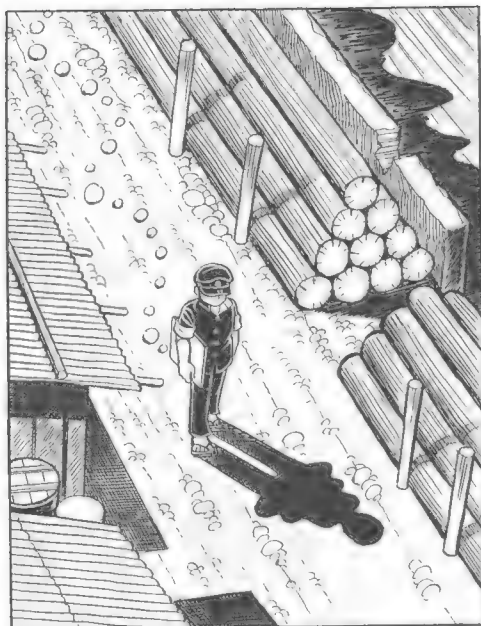
Headline: Farewell, General











That's me.
What do
you want?



SNICKER

SNEER

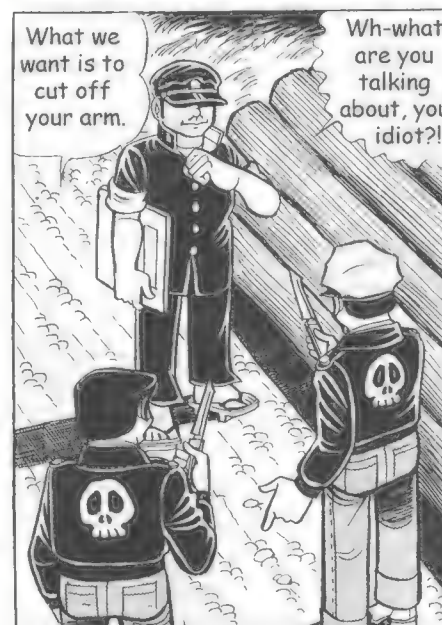


Heh
heh
heh...



What do
you want
from me?

CHUCKLE



What we
want is to
cut off
your arm.

Wh-what
are you
talking
about, you
idiot?!



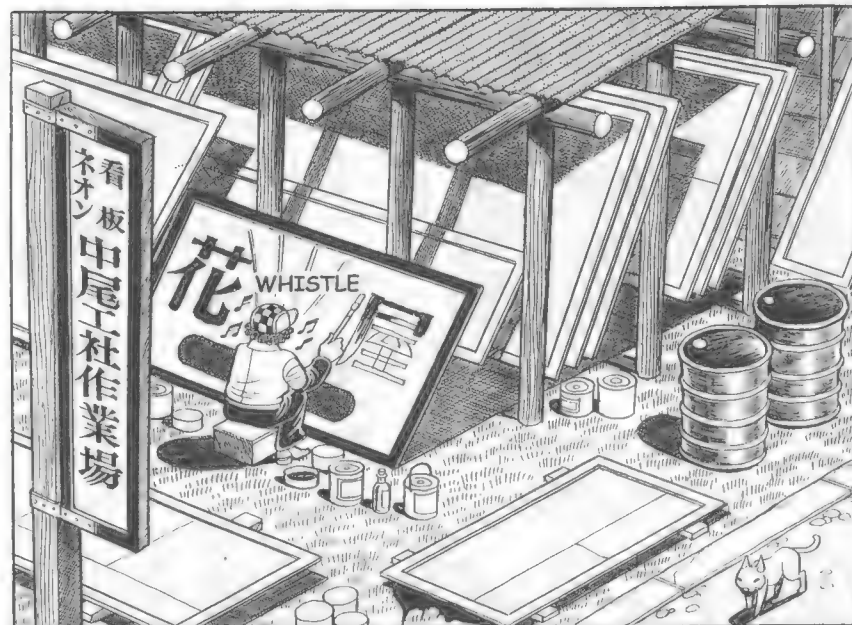
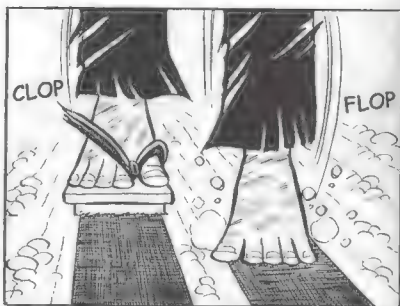
Shut
up!



Yikes!



Sign: Calbee Caramels

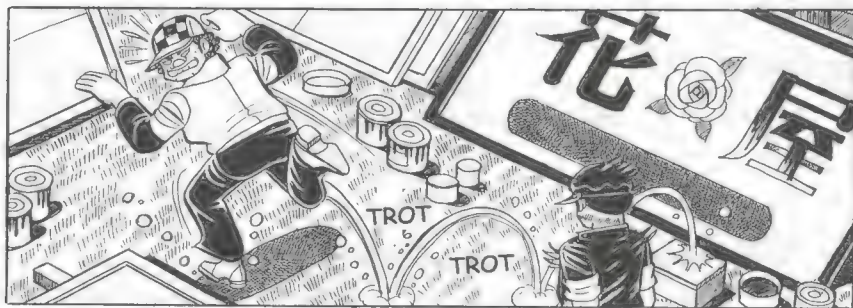
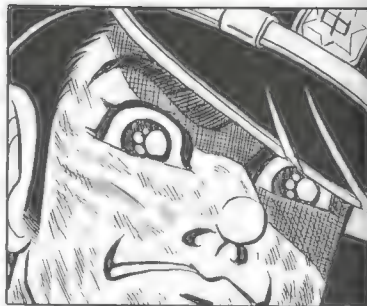


Sign: Nakao's Sign Studio



Billboard: FLORIST



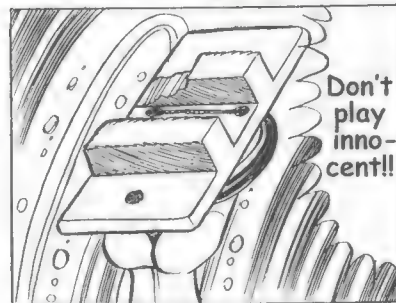


You are
a real
lowlife!

A no-
good,
stinking
lowlife!



Wh-what
are you
talking
about?



Don't
play
inno-
cent!!



Yow!

WHOP



Don't go
sneaking around
playing dirty
tricks behind
my back!

Gasp!



Wh-what do
you mean? I-I
have no idea!
Quit talking
gibberish!

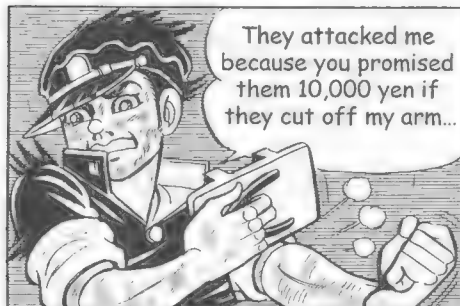


How long are
you gonna
keep spouting
that "innocent
me" crap?!

You're the one
who did this
to me.



Your two-bit gangster friends Tetsu and Shige confessed everything!



They attacked me because you promised them 10,000 yen if they cut off my arm...



Too bad it didn't go the way you wanted...



I've got plenty of practice fighting. You picked the wrong guy to mess with... I turned it around and beat 'em to a pulp...



Don't fool with me, Kurosaki.

I've seen more than my fill of hell thanks to the A-bomb. There's nothing left in this world that can scare me.



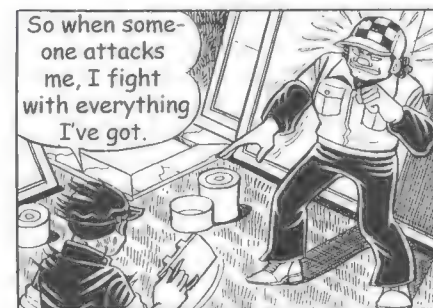
I've seen countless people die.

So I'm not afraid of my own death. I'm ready any time.



I've faced death dozens of times.

And when I face death, it makes me strong... I can take any kind of pain and suffering.



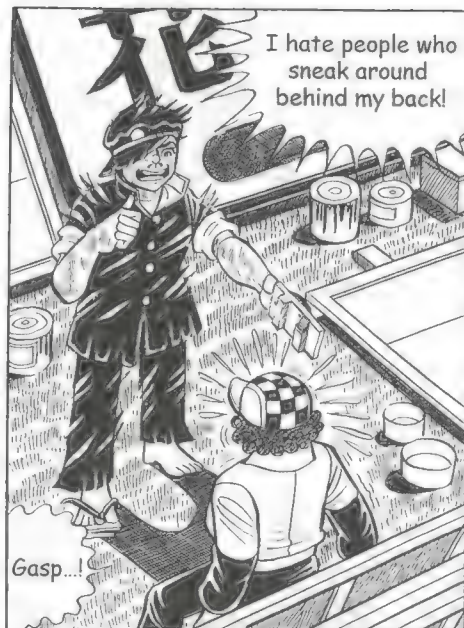
So when someone attacks me, I fight with everything I've got.



Gulp!



Tell me, Kurosaki! Why did you want to cut off my arm?!



I hate people who sneak around behind my back!

Gasp...



You hate me so much, you wanna cut off my arm, do you?!

Pant pant...



Y-yeah, that's right! I hate your guts!



Why? Tell me the reason why...!

You and the old man came waltzing into our shop, and now the boss makes a big fuss over you and ignores me, the senior employee! I can't stand it...



You've been getting all bent out of shape over a little thing like that?

What a whiner! If that's all that's bothering you, tell it to the boss!



That's not all!



I've had it with standing by while your painting gets better by leaps and bounds, just because old Amano gives you all those free lessons!



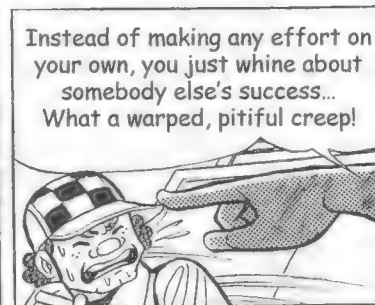
I can't let you become a better painter than me!



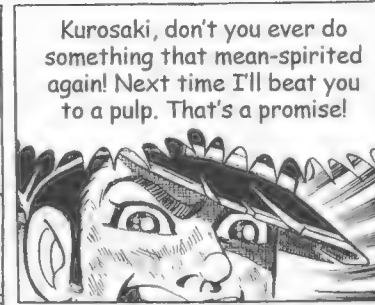
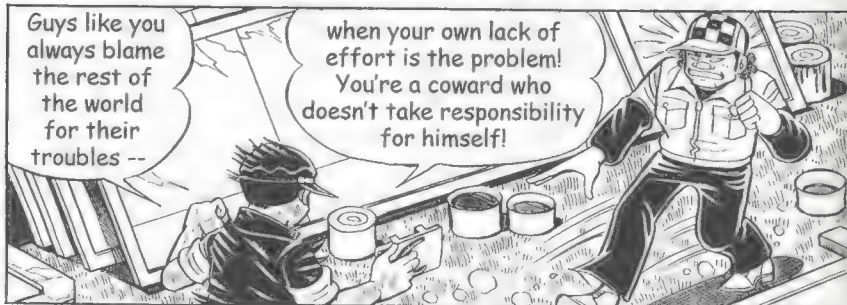
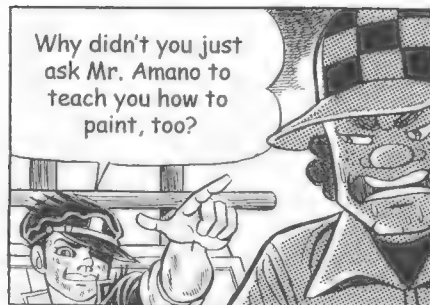
You wanted those punks to cut off my arm so I wouldn't be able to paint anymore... So that's it.

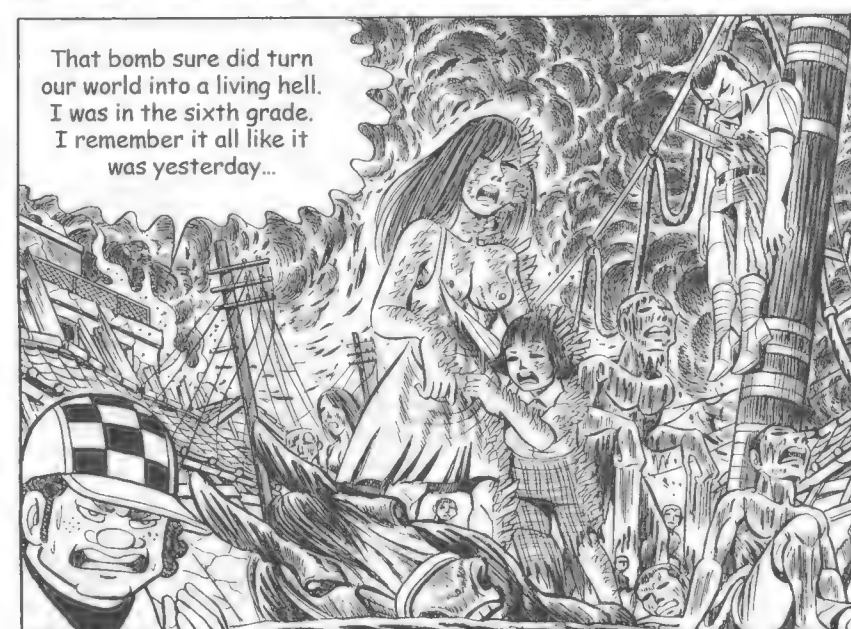
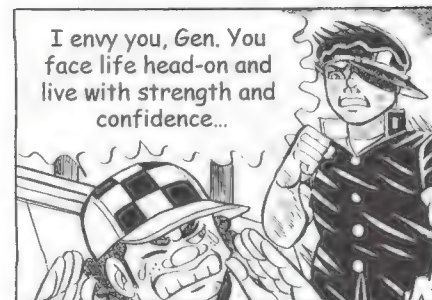
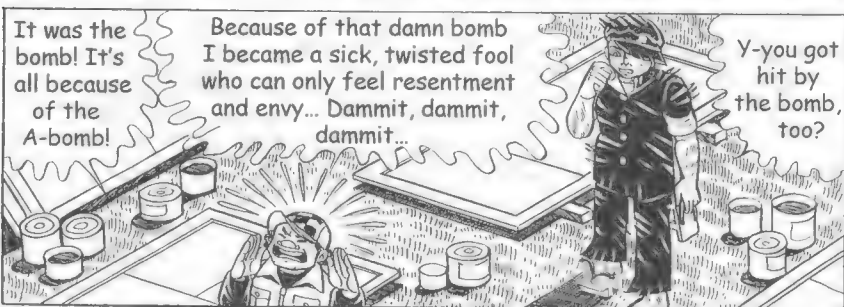


You really are a hopeless idiot! So you were jealous of my improvement... What a pathetic loser...



..... Instead of making any effort on your own, you just whine about somebody else's success... What a warped, pitiful creep!







But the real hell came after the bomb and after the war... That was way worse.



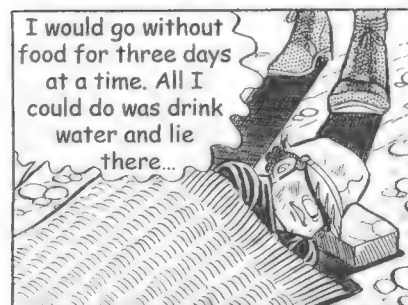
I couldn't stand the loneliness and anxiety of living all by myself. My family and all my relatives had been killed.

Cistern: Water for Fire

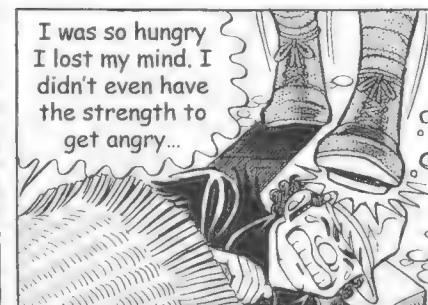


I was a coward, so I was afraid to do anything bad. I couldn't even steal food.

So my only choice was to become a beggar in front of Hiroshima Station. That's how I survived...



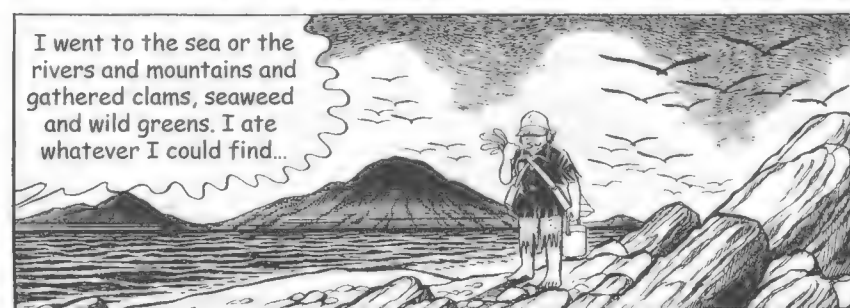
I would go without food for three days at a time. All I could do was drink water and lie there...



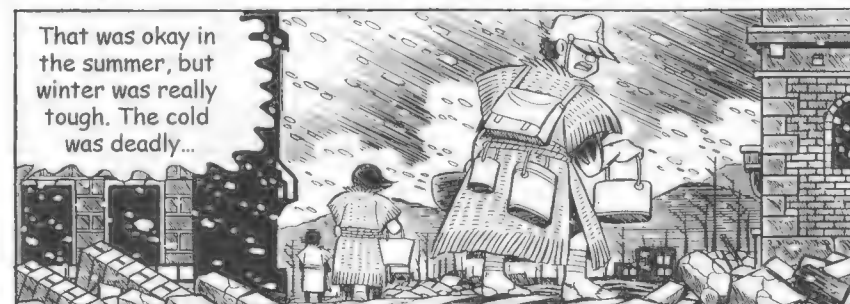
I was so hungry I lost my mind. I didn't even have the strength to get angry...



All around me people were dropping dead from malnutrition, but no one paid any attention.

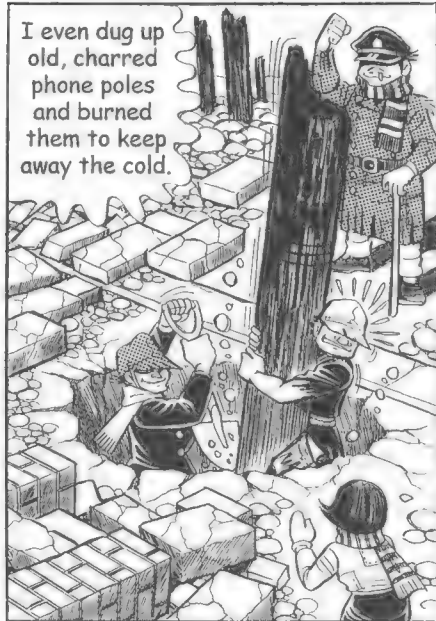


I went to the sea or the rivers and mountains and gathered clams, seaweed and wild greens. I ate whatever I could find...

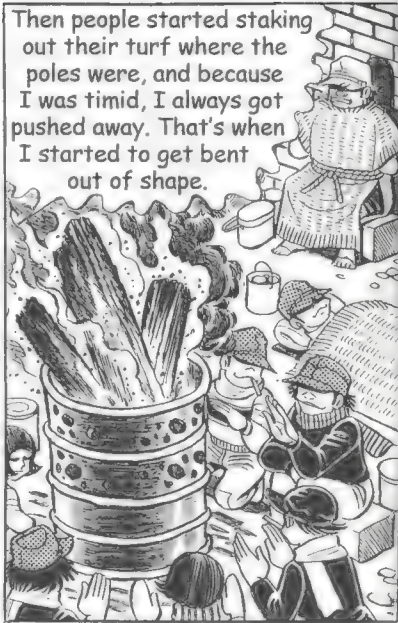


That was okay in the summer, but winter was really tough. The cold was deadly...

I even dug up old, charred phone poles and burned them to keep away the cold.



Then people started staking out their turf where the poles were, and because I was timid, I always got pushed away. That's when I started to get bent out of shape.



And then things kept happening that made me even more twisted...



Wh-what kind of things?

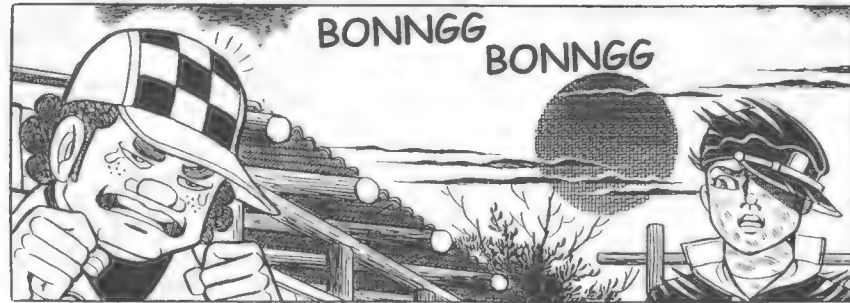
Things... bad things...



BONNGG BONNGG



BONNGG BONNGG



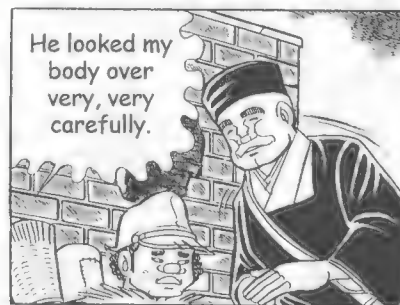
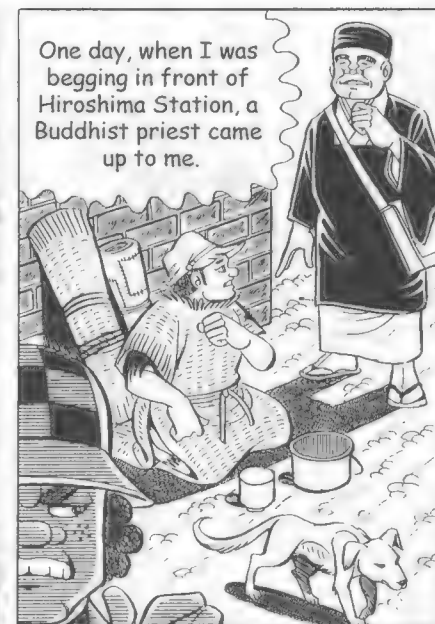
BONNGG

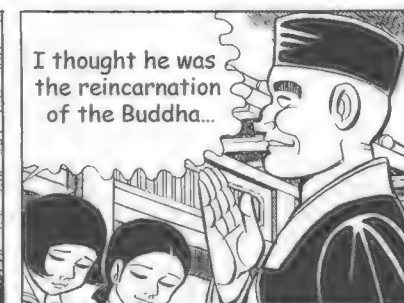
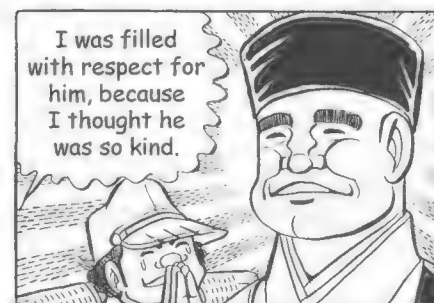
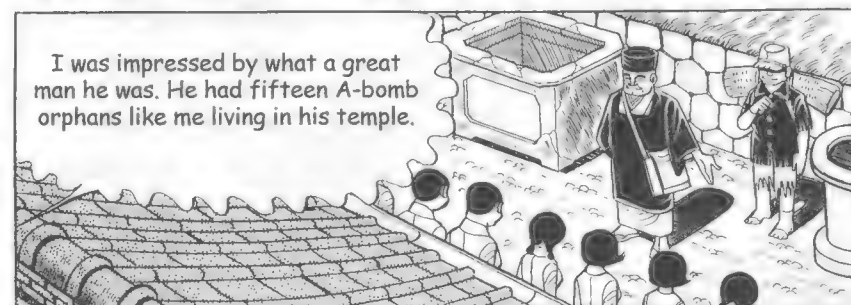
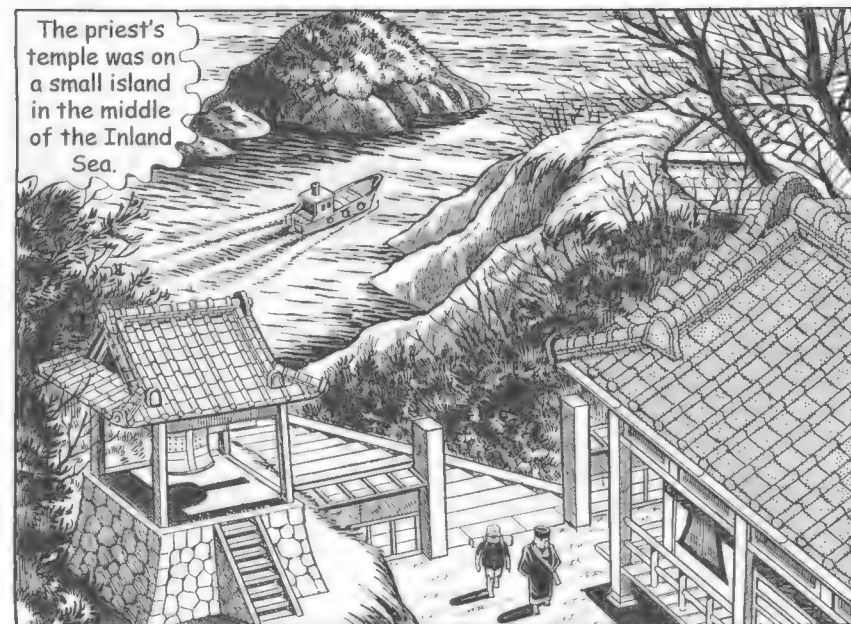
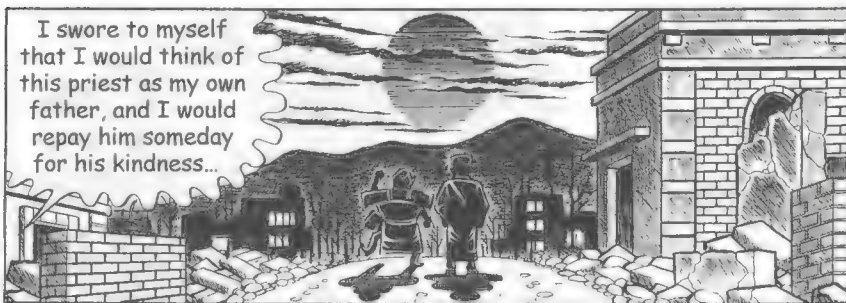
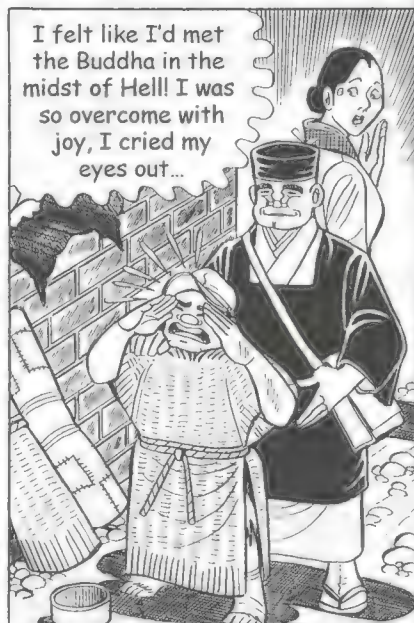
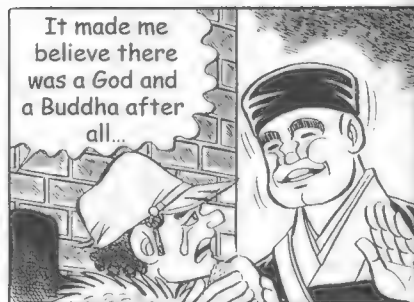


D-damn it!

BONNGG









But I couldn't figure out why all the kids had such sad looks on their faces, when they were under the care of such a kind priest.



Then I learned the reason why, and my feelings grew even more warped and twisted...



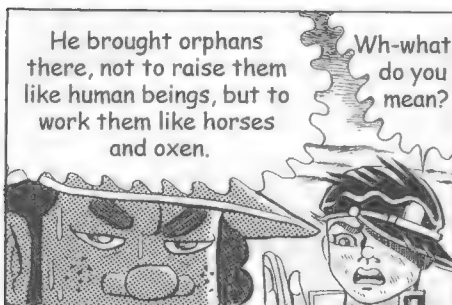
What happened at that temple, Kurosaki?...

Sob... Th-that bastard...



Sob... That bastard was no gentle priest serving the Buddha!

He was a priest who served the demons of Hell...

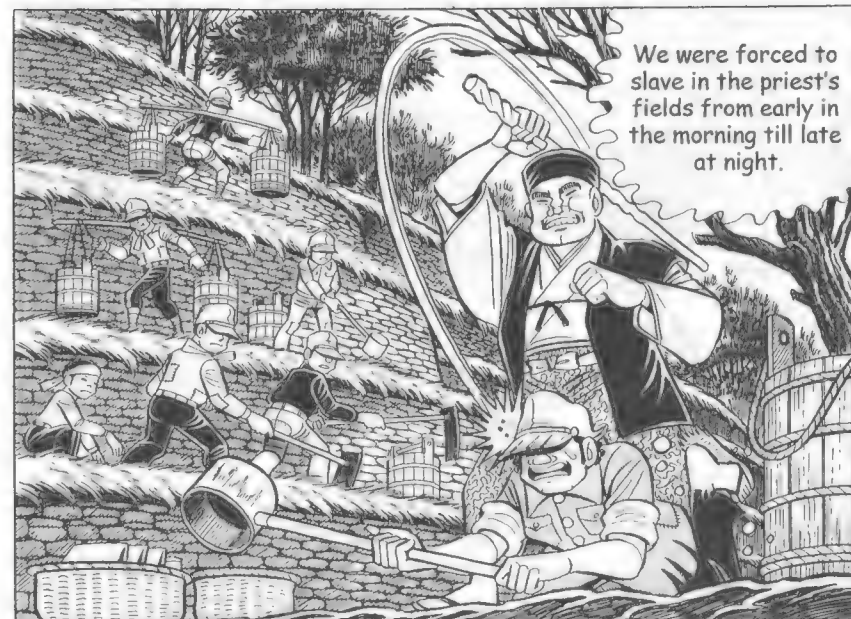


He brought orphans there, not to raise them like human beings, but to work them like horses and oxen.

Wh-what do you mean?



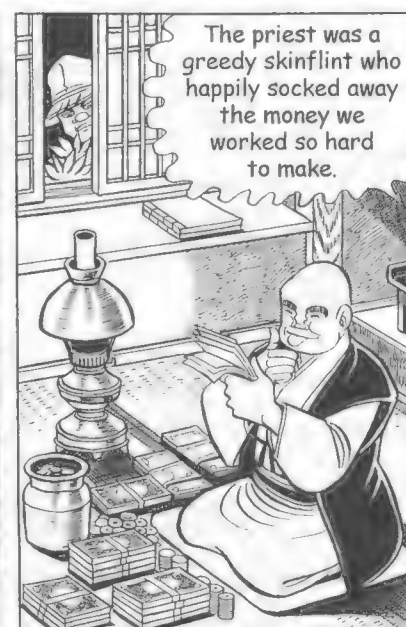
We were just a source of labor, like beasts of burden that are whipped and worked to death!



We were forced to slave in the priest's fields from early in the morning till late at night.



He used the girls to make money, sending them out to help farmers and care for their children.



The priest was a greedy skinflint who happily socked away the money we worked so hard to make.



He lived a life of luxury, drinking saké and even keeping a mistress...



In front of the villagers, he pretended to be a noble, charitable priest who took care of bomb orphans.

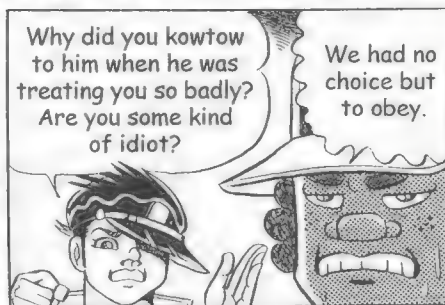


Why did he take in so many of us? 'Cuz he could get government subsidies for raising orphans!



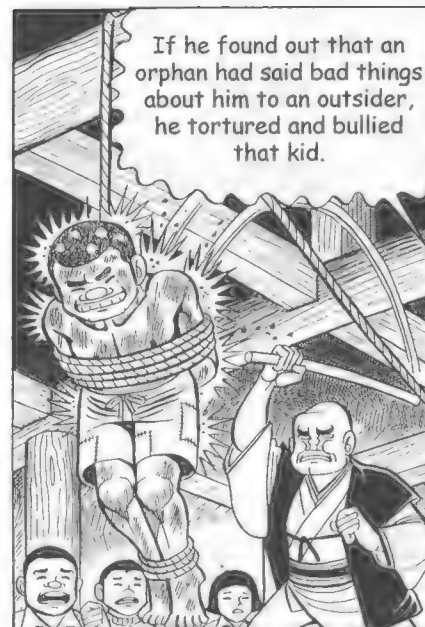
Hah! He was killing two birds with one stone -- getting subsidies and getting free labor!

He was totally corrupt!

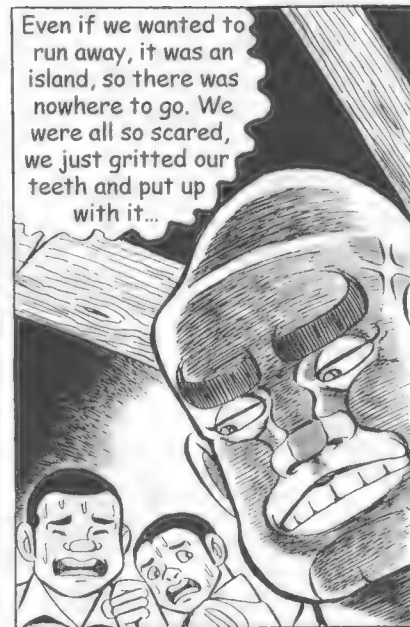


Why did you kowtow to him when he was treating you so badly? Are you some kind of idiot?

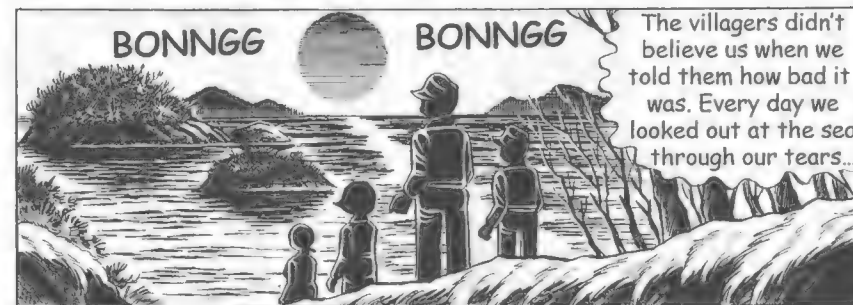
We had no choice but to obey.



If he found out that an orphan had said bad things about him to an outsider, he tortured and bullied that kid.



Even if we wanted to run away, it was an island, so there was nowhere to go. We were all so scared, we just gritted our teeth and put up with it...



BONNGG

BONNGG

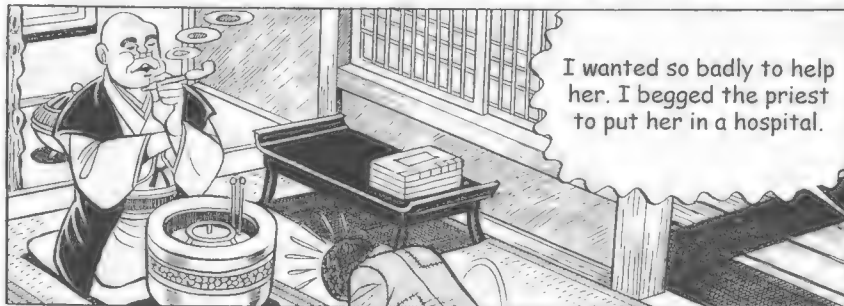
The villagers didn't believe us when we told them how bad it was. Every day we looked out at the sea through our tears...



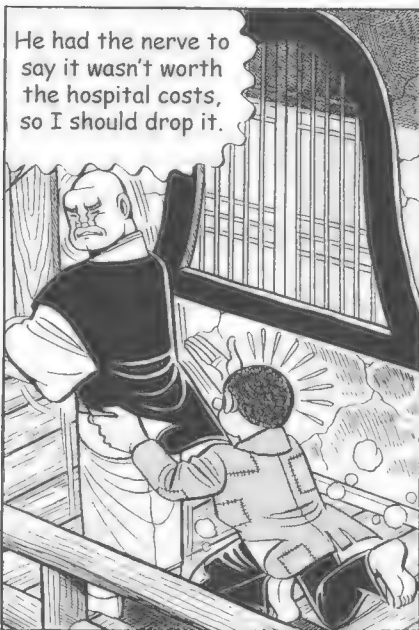
One day, a girl I really liked got sick.



It looked like she had radiation sickness.



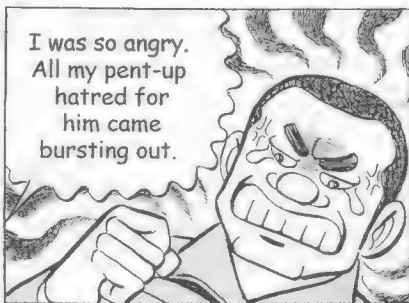
I wanted so badly to help her. I begged the priest to put her in a hospital.



He had the nerve to say it wasn't worth the hospital costs, so I should drop it.



He said if she died, he'd recite her funeral prayers for free!



I was so angry. All my pent-up hatred for him came bursting out.



I thought I was gonna kill that damned priest right then.



So did you?

No. I was too weak from malnutrition to beat him.



After that, he beat and tormented me every day.

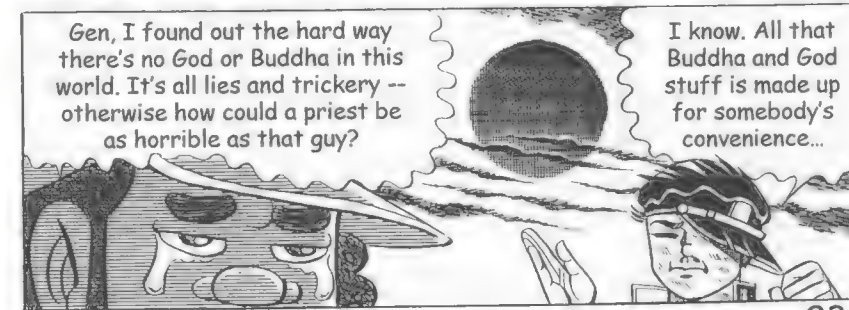
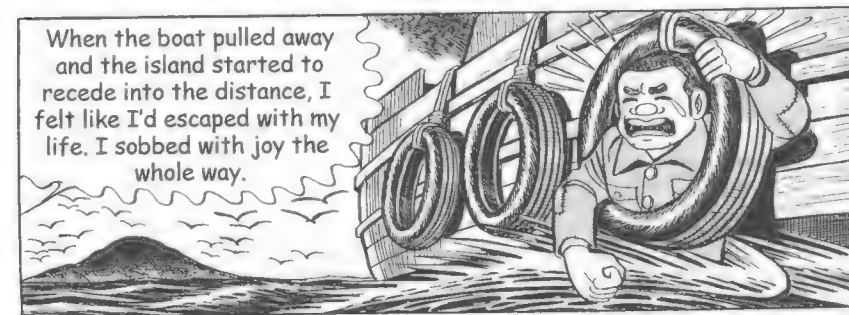
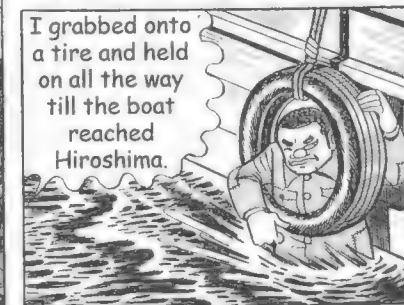
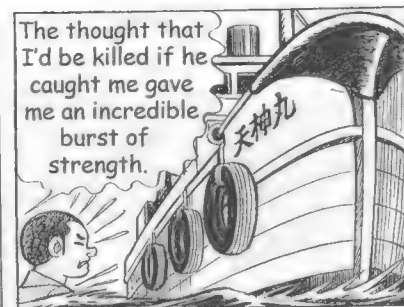
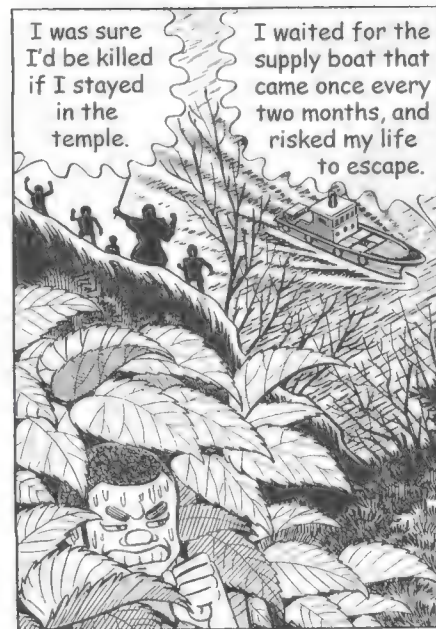
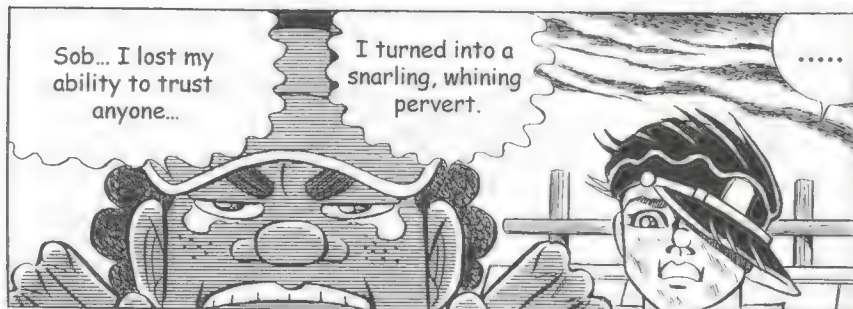
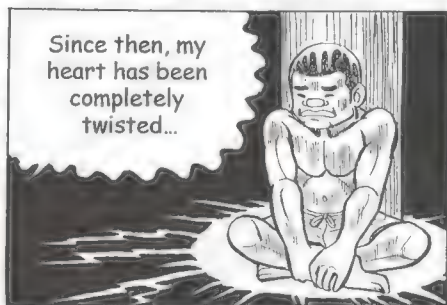
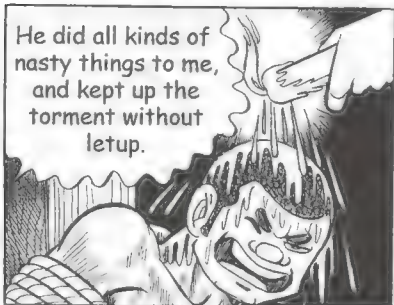
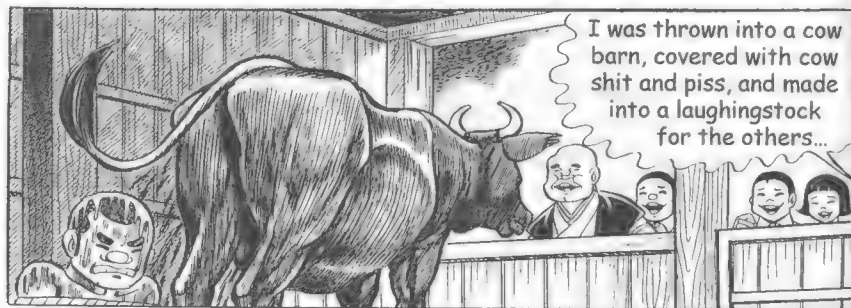
It drove me completely around the bend.

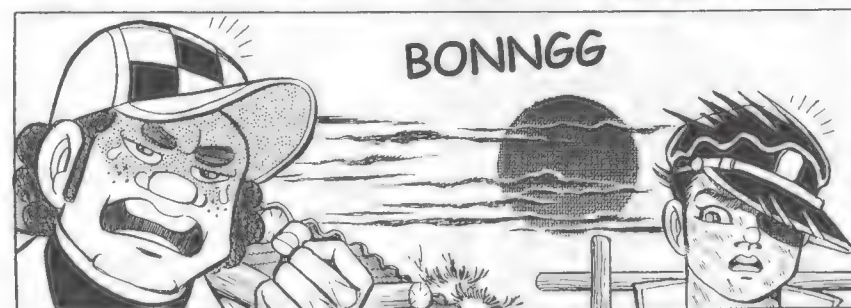
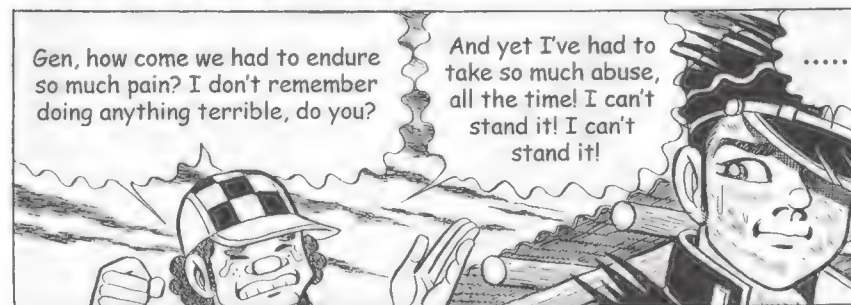
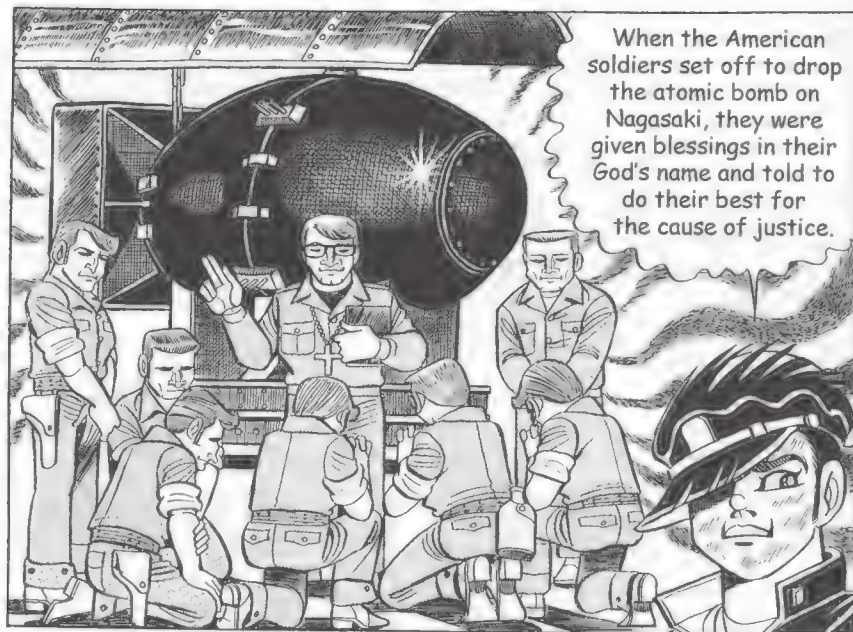


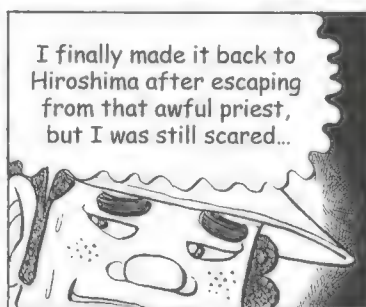
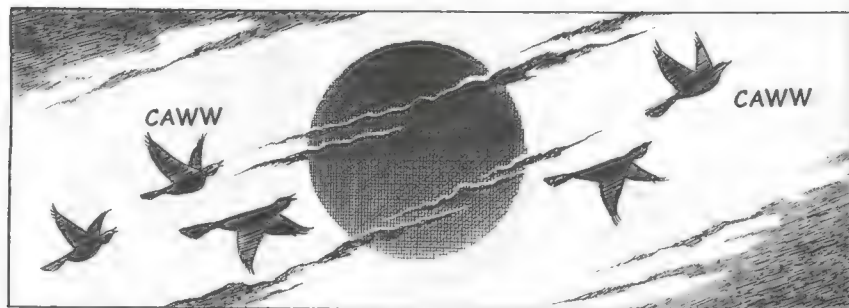
He made me an example to the others -- "This is what happens to troublemakers"...



He starved me for three days, and when I was about to go mad from hunger, he ate a feast right in front of me, smacking his lips...







I finally made it back to Hiroshima after escaping from that awful priest, but I was still scared...

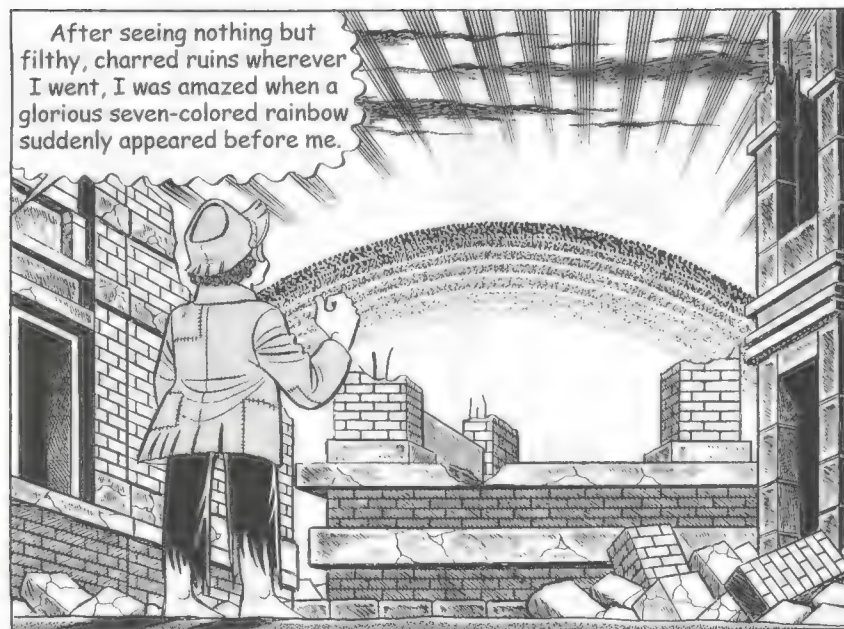


I just wandered around the burnt-out ruins wondering how I was going to survive.

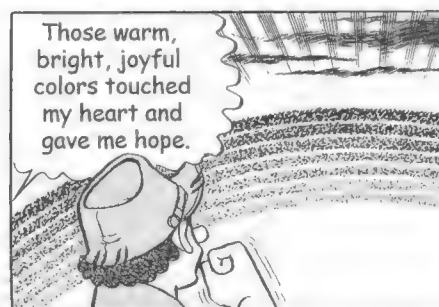


Then, one day, I saw a beautiful, man-made rainbow.

A man-made rainbow? What's that?



After seeing nothing but filthy, charred ruins wherever I went, I was amazed when a glorious seven-colored rainbow suddenly appeared before me.



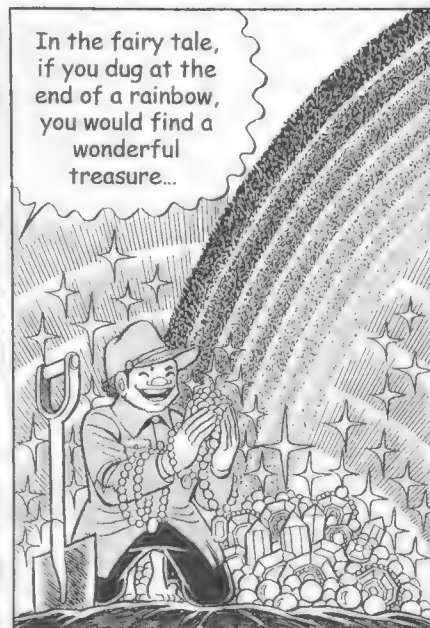
Those warm, bright, joyful colors touched my heart and gave me hope.



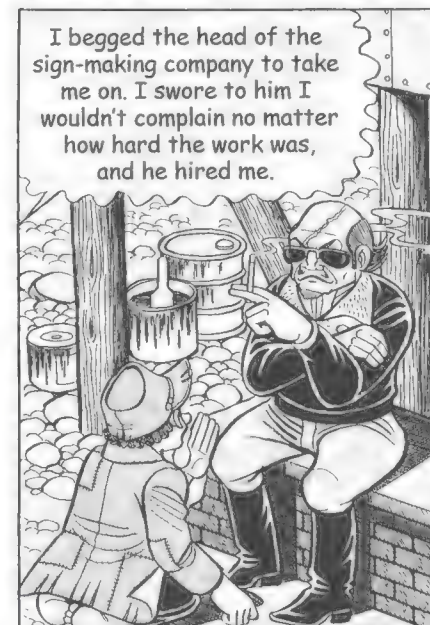
Somehow, looking at the colors of that rainbow lifted me out of the gloomy, lifeless funk I'd been in...



I started feeling like I wanted to live again, to work hard and never give up.



Sign: Peace in the Hearts of Hiroshima Citizens

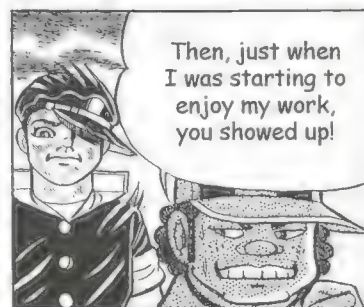




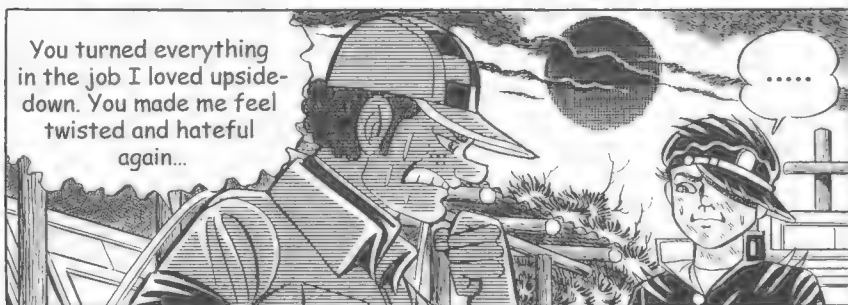
He ran his shop just like the army, but I put up with it. I thought of him as my savior for letting me do something I loved.



If he hadn't hired me, I might have died of starvation by now...



Then, just when I was starting to enjoy my work, you showed up!



You turned everything in the job I loved upside-down. You made me feel twisted and hateful again...



Stop tormenting me, Gen!

Get out of this studio!



I can't leave. I gave my word to the boss.



How long are you gonna keep making my life miserable?

I hate you! You're wrecking my life!



You idiot! I'm not trying to torment you!

We should be competing with each other!



Do you think you'll get any better without competition? We should compete, with everything we've got.

It'll make us both better!



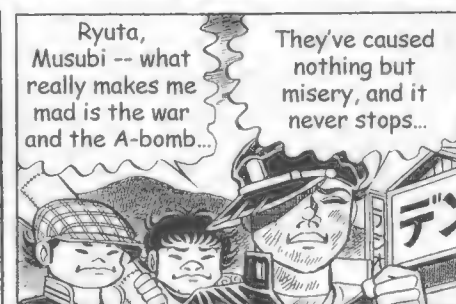
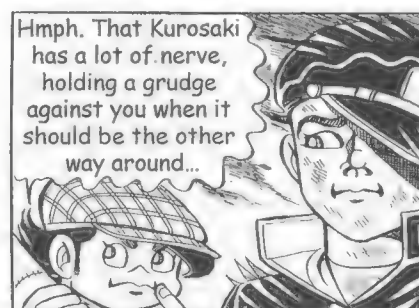
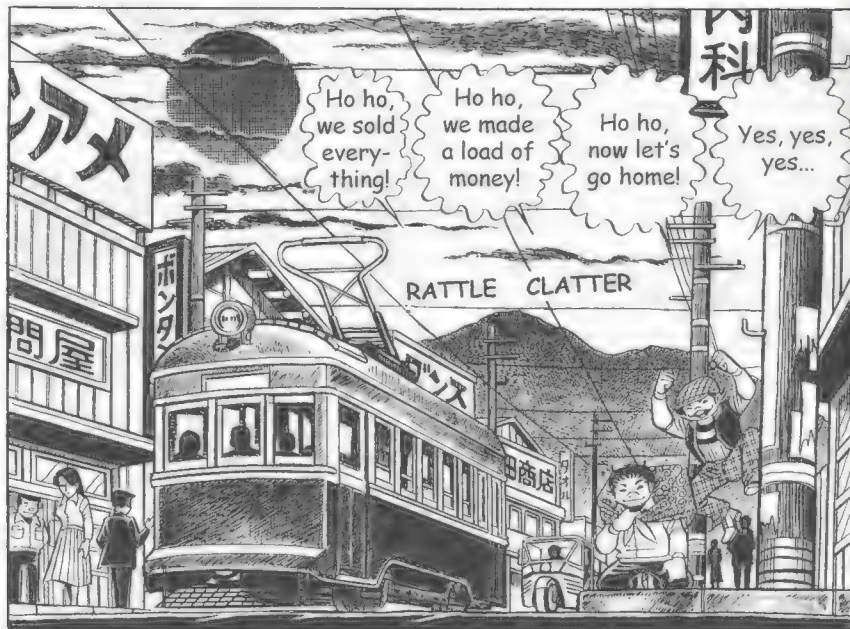
Skill is what makes a craftsman, isn't it?!

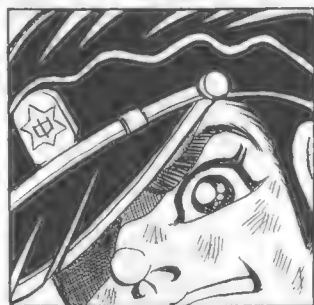
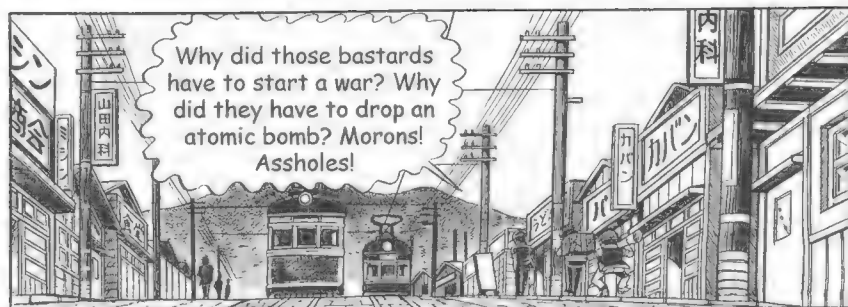
Instead of griping, polish your skills!



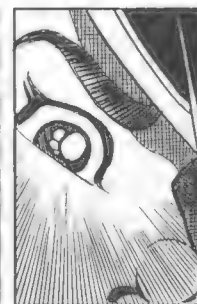
I'm gonna do my best, too! I'm not gonna let you beat me!

Y-you bastard! I'll get you yet...



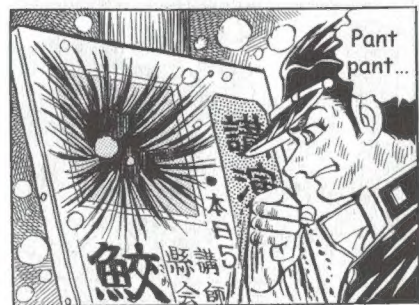
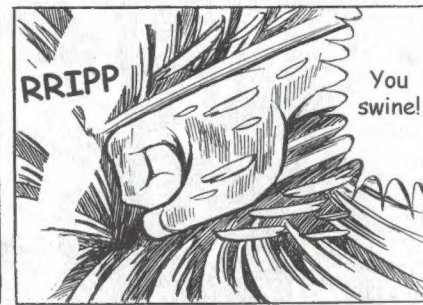
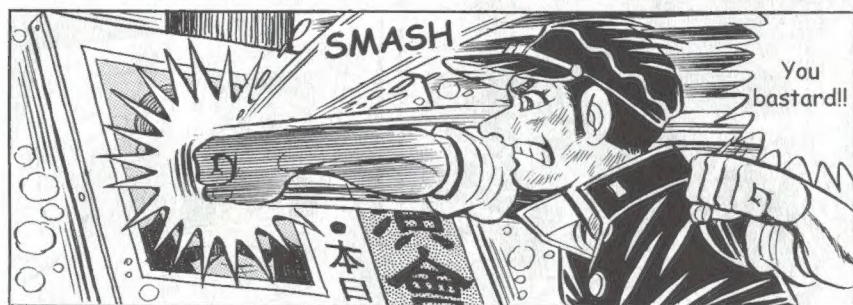
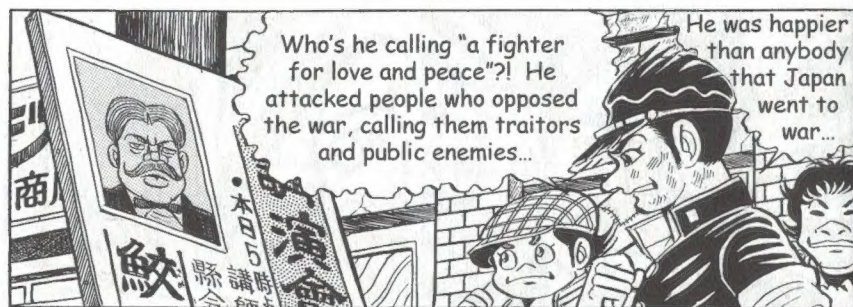


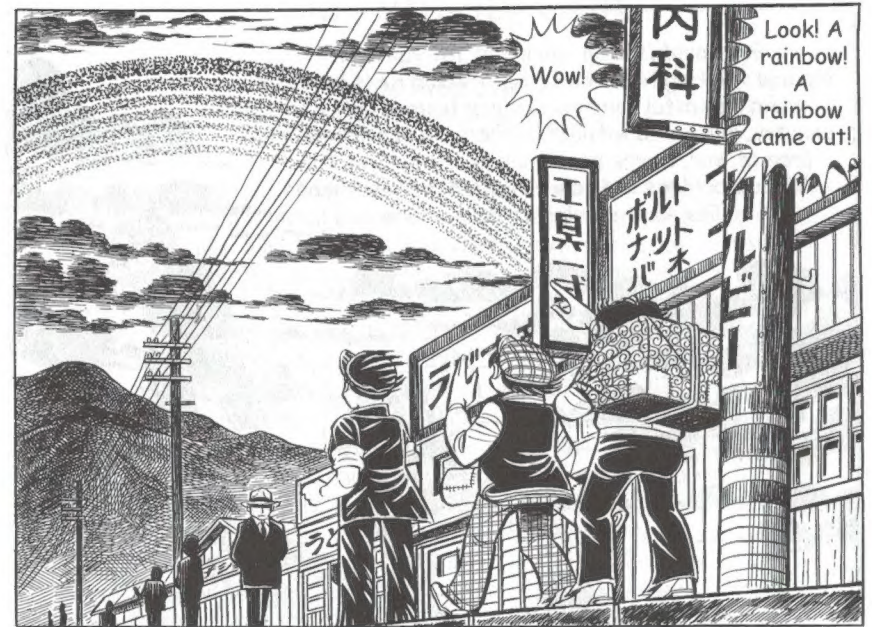
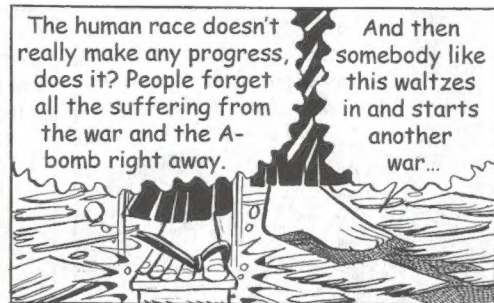
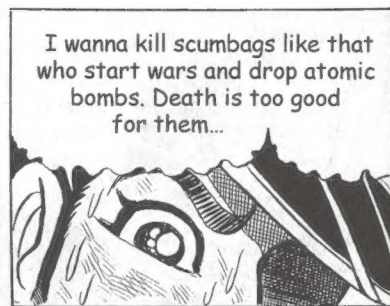
250 Poster: Lecture on Japan's Defense by Prefectural Assemblyman Denjiro Samejima, a Fighter for Love and Peace!



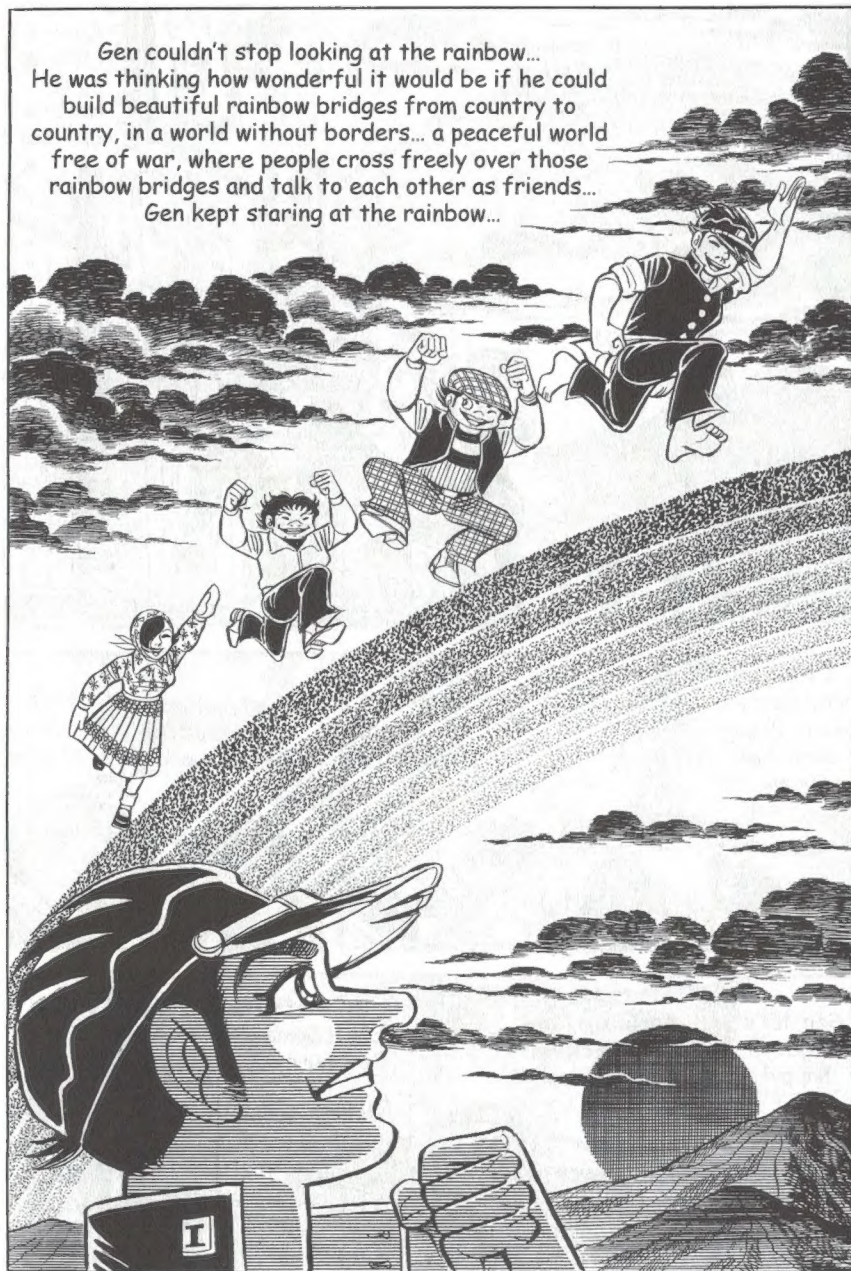
Banner: Onward, 100 Million Strong!







Gen couldn't stop looking at the rainbow...
 He was thinking how wonderful it would be if he could
 build beautiful rainbow bridges from country to
 country, in a world without borders... a peaceful world
 free of war, where people cross freely over those
 rainbow bridges and talk to each other as friends...
 Gen kept staring at the rainbow...



About Project Gen

Namie Asazuma
 Coordinator, Project Gen

In the pages of *Barefoot Gen*, Keiji Nakazawa brings to life a tragedy unlike any that has ever befallen the human race before. He does not simply depict the destructive horror of nuclear weapons, but tells of the cruel fate they visited upon victims and survivors in the years to come. Yet Gen, the young hero of this story, somehow manages to overcome one hardship after another, always with courage and humor. *Barefoot Gen's* tale of hope and human triumph in the face of nuclear holocaust has inspired volunteer translators around the world, as well as people working in a variety of other media. Over the years *Gen* has been made into a three-part live-action film, a feature-length animation film, an opera, and a musical.

The first effort to translate *Barefoot Gen* from the original Japanese into other languages began in 1976, when Japanese peace activists Masahiro Oshima and Yukio Aki walked across the United States as part of that year's Transcontinental Walk for Peace and Social Justice. Their fellow walkers frequently asked them about the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, and one of them happened to have a copy of *Hadashi no Gen* in his backpack. The Americans on the walk, astonished that an atomic bomb survivor had written about it in cartoon form, urged their Japanese friends to translate it into English. Upon returning to Japan, Oshima and Aki founded Project Gen, a non-profit, all-volunteer group of young Japanese and Americans living in Tokyo, to do just that. Project Gen went on to translate the first four volumes of *Barefoot Gen* into English. One or more of these volumes have also been published in French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Indonesian, Tagalog, and Esperanto.

By the 1990s Project Gen was no longer active. In the meantime, author Keiji Nakazawa had gone on to complete ten volumes of *Gen*, and expressed his wish to see the entire story made available to non-Japanese readers. Parts of the first four volumes had also been abridged in translation. A new generation of volunteers responded by reviving Project Gen and producing a new, complete and unabridged translation of the entire *Gen* series.

The second incarnation of Project Gen got its start in Moscow in 1994, when a Japanese student, Minako Tanabe, launched "Project Gen in Russia" to translate *Gen* into Russian. After pub-

lishing the first three volumes in Moscow, the project relocated to Kanazawa, Japan, where volunteers Yulia Tachino and Namie Asazuma had become acquainted with *Gen* while translating a story about Hiroshima into Russian. The Kanazawa volunteers, together with Takako Kanekura in Russia, completed Russian volumes 4 through 10 between 1999 and 2001.

In the spring of 2000, the Kanazawa group formally established a new Project Gen in Japan. Nine volunteers spent the next three years translating all ten volumes of *Gen* into English. The translators are Kazuko Futakuchi, Michael Gordon, Kyoko Honda, Yukari Kimura, Nobutoshi Kohara, Kiyoko Nishita, George Stenson, Michiko Tanaka, and Kazuko Yamada.

In 2002, author Keiji Nakazawa put the Kanazawa team in contact with Alan Gleason, a member of the first Project Gen, who introduced them to Last Gasp of San Francisco, publisher of the original English translation of *Gen*. Last Gasp agreed to publish the new, unabridged translation of all ten volumes, of which this book is one.

In the hope that humanity will never repeat the terrible tragedy of the atomic bombing, the volunteers of Project Gen want children and adults all over the world to hear *Gen's* story. Through translations like this one, we want to help *Gen* speak to people in different countries in their own languages. Our prayer is that *Barefoot Gen* will contribute in some small way to the abolition of nuclear weapons before this new century is over.

Write to Project Gen c/o Asazuma, Nagasaka 3-10-20, Kanazawa 921-8112, Japan



Keiji Nakazawa lives with his wife in the suburbs of Tokyo, and remains actively involved in the work of the Project Gen volunteers. Now retired from cartooning, his most recent project was a live action film he wrote and directed about young people growing up in postwar Hiroshima. He is currently working on another film scenario.